

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 177.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1831.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEWS

The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race. By C. O. Müller, Professor in the University of Göttingen, translated from the German by Henry Tufnell, Esq. and George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. Student of Christ Church. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

It is painful to witness the misemployment of labour, especially where it is of an intellectual nature. This reflection naturally arises from the perusal of the learned work, the translation of which is under our consideration; for, in our apprehension, it is an instance of the *curiosa infelicitas*, the tasteless and injudicious diligence which has often characterized the labours of German scholars—dry as a stick and cold as a cucumber, as Gray described one of D'Alembert's essays. Horace could sneer at the pedantry of his countrymen, in pursuing with a minute and painful diligence the early and doubtful antiquities of Greece:—

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Cedrus pro patria non timendus mori
Narra, et genus *Æaci*,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio.

Yet as the Romans of that age were two thousand years nearer the times under consideration; as they also derived their language, descent, and religious opinions, in a great measure from the Greeks, there was much to excuse the disproportionate importance which they attached to such researches. All that the greatest industry can do respecting the obscure traditions of the mythological portion of Grecian history, is to ascertain their existence and extent, and to disprove their truth; and such disquisitions are assuredly preposterous in the nineteenth century, when writers must not only reject but condemn the whimsical and immoral polytheism of the classical writers, when they have the whole globe as a field for their speculations, and have spent their lives amidst political events the most important, instructive, and amazing, that the world has ever exhibited. That there are some in this country who value such pursuits, the translation before us is a proof; and many who have dedicated their lives to studies allied to them, will be inclined to speak favourably of the work, as none will, without a struggle, receive the conviction that they have given themselves up to a worthless occupation.

In proceeding to give a very brief analysis of the work, we must premise, that it is absolutely as unreadable as a volume of logarithmic tables; and in the painful task which we have performed, of making our way through its contents, we have compared ourselves to those flagellants, who in popish countries, in consideration of an *honorarium*, endure sufferings, the benefits of which are

to result to those who can afford this species of vicarious merit. The work commences with an introduction, treating of the early state of the population throughout the north of Greece before the Doric migration; and though there is great scope for researches on the primitive history of the human race, the reader meets with nothing but vexation and disappointment;—none of those penetrating glances into the mists of antiquity—none of those bold yet just and successful speculations, by which Sir William Jones and other writers of similar abilities, have rendered learning attractive, and at the same time available to the gratification of the most natural and healthy intellectual appetites. Sometimes we find a want of common sense, as in the following sentence: "In the fashion of wearing the mantle and dressing the hair, and also in their dialect, the Macedonians bore a great resemblance to the Illyrians; whence it is evident that the Macedonians belonged to the Illyrian nation." (vol. i. p. 2.) Caxton, or any other experienced perruquier, who remembers the reigns of bobs and tye-wigs, full-bottomed and grizzled, Ramillies and scratches, would be a little amazed at the notion of attempting to establish a case of national descent on the resemblance or difference in the fashions of dressing the hair. The following intricate and slovenly sentence, placed on the very threshold of the work, that the reader may stumble over it at entrance, must be laid to the charge of the translators:—

"To begin then by laying down a boundary line, which may be afterwards modified for the sake of greater accuracy, we shall suppose this to be the mountain ridge, which stretches from Mount Olympus to the west as far as the Acroceraunian mountains (comprehending the Cambunian ridge and Mount Læmon), and in the middle comes in contact with the Pindus chain, which stretches in a direction from north to south." i. 1-2.

The professor, it must be allowed, everywhere pours forth learning enough, and to spare; for instance, that the reader need not doubt as to what sort of *hat* the kings of Macedon wore, he is referred to the following authorities:—

"Plutarch Amat. 16. Pyrrh. II. Herodian. IV. 8. 5. Dio Chrysostom. Or. 72. pag. 628. ed. Reisk. Pollux X. 162. Valer. Max. V. 1. ext. 4. Antipater Thessal. apud Brunck. n. 10. Suidas in *Kavoia*. Compare Valckenæer ad Adoniaz. p. 345." i. 498.

Surely no weight of names can render this anything but solemn trifling and learned sottishness: as to the taste and judgment of those who stickle for such productions, the reader probably is ready to exclaim, in the words of Virgil's shepherd,

Haud equidem invidio, miror magis.

The removal of the insignificant number of the Dorians from Thessaly to Peloponnesus,

a distance, perhaps, of a hundred and fifty miles, is called a wonderful migration: can the author be so ignorant of general history, as not to know that this was one of the least remarkable national movements on record?—that the Huns, in a few years, emigrated from the shores of the Pacific to Gaul; the Alani from the Caspian to Spain; the Vandals from Prussia to Carthage; the Saracens from Arabia to the Pyrenees. After the introduction, the author professes to give a history of the Dorian race to the close of the Peloponnesian war, and devotes to this part of his subject 200 pages, which seem to have been compiled on the principle of raking together all learning which might perplex or repel, and excluding all capable of interesting or instructing. The Peloponnesian war itself—that memorable struggle between the Dorian and Ionian races—is despatched, or rather obscurely shadowed forth, in four pages,—just the same number as is devoted to the guessing what may have been the contents of *Ægimius*, a lost poem, composed originally by an apocryphal writer, assuming the name of Hesiod. Now, of this extinct epic, probably not one in twenty millions of the human race has ever heard the name; yet the historian devotes the same quantity of space to the divining of its possible contents, as to the relation of a fierce, extensive, and protracted war, forming a very striking object in the history of the world. Among the few passages, on which the attention can pause with any degree of satisfaction, in p. 221, the qualities of the powers marshalled against each other, under the hostile commands of Athens and Sparta, are contrasted with some degree of ability. From the history of the Dorians, the work proceeds to treat of their religion, or, to speak more properly, of the mythology with which they amused their imaginations, rather than received with any impressive or influential faith: but here, also, the want of judgment and acuteness characterizing the work is prominent; since no distinction is, or can be pointed out between the religious opinions of this division of the Grecian population, and those of other nations who received the system of polytheism, so familiar to us, in consequence of its forming the machinery of the classical works of fiction; consequently, there was no just ground for introducing, into the History of the Doric Race, a most tedious and dull treatise on the stale subject of classical mythology. Two hundred pages are devoted to prove that Apollo and Diana were worshipped by the Dorians, and end with an amusing apology for the brevity with which the subject is treated. Sometimes the Professor appears absolutely "crazed beyond all hope;" and as this is rather an uncounteous charge, it must be supported on the evidence of his own pages. Apollo, it seems, bore the epithet *Lyceus*, a word signifying, in Greek,

wolfish—and the circumstance is, by Müller, accounted for, as follows:—

"In explanation of this epithet we everywhere find traditions concerning wolves. The descendants of Deucalion, who survived the deluge, following a wolf's roar, founded Lycorea on a ridge of Mount Parnassus. Latona came as a she-wolf from the Hyperboreans to Delos: she was conducted by wolves to the river Xanthus. Wolves protected the treasures of Apollo; and near the great altar at Delphi there stood an iron wolf with ancient inscriptions. The attack of a wolf upon a herd of cattle occasioned the worship of Apollo Lyceus at Argos, where a brazen group of figures, commemorating the circumstance, was erected in the market-place. The Sicilian tradition of Apollo 'the destroyer of wolves' is certainly of less antiquity, as also the epithet *Λυκορρόος* (*Lupercus*), which occurs in Sophocles and other authors.

"Now, in inquiring into the meaning of the symbol of the wolf in this signification, it may be first remarked that it is a beast of prey. In this point of view it cannot but appear a remarkable coincidence that Apollo should in the *Iliad* assume the form of a hawk, and a species of falcon should be called his swift messenger. Thus also the tragedians frequently represented Apollo in his character of a destroyer, under the title of Lyceus. We are not, however, to suppose that it was this character of Apollo as a destroying power which gave a name, not only to innumerable temples, but even to whole countries; such a supposition would, contrary to history and analogy, make the early state of this religion to have been one of the grossest barbarism and superstition. It is far more probable that the name Lyceus is connected with the ancient primitive word *lux* (whence *λευκός*). The Greek word *λύκη* is preserved most distinctly in *λυκάβας*, i. e. *course of the light*! and by the epithet *Λυκηγιῶνος*, applied to Apollo by Homer, and probably taken from some ancient hymns, we should (from the idiom of the Greek language) rather understand *one born of light*, than *the Lycian god*. That light and splendour are frequently employed, both in the symbols of worship and language of the poets, to express the attributes of Apollo, cannot be denied; and we only remind the reader of the belief that the fire which burnt on the altar of Apollo Lyceus at Argos had originally fallen from heaven: and thus the epithet Lyceus would seem to belong to the same class as *Egletes*, *Phœbus*, and *Xanthus*. It is not, however, to be supposed that the wolf was made use of as a symbol of Apollo merely from an accidental similarity of name, but it is not easy to discover what analogy even the lively imagination of the Greeks could have found between the wolf and light. At a later period it was attempted to explain this symbol by the circumstance that all wolves produced their young within twelve days in the year, the precise time during which Latona was wandering as a she-wolf from the Hyperboreans to Delos. This physical interpretation was, however, grounded on the fable, and not the fable on it. Perhaps the sharp sight of the wolf (if we can trust the accounts of the ancients), or even the bright colour of the animal, may afford a better explanation.

"In the ancient Grecian worship, however, there is another example, and one in the highest degree remarkable, of the connexion between light and the wolf. On the lofty peak of Lycæum, a mountain of Arcadia, above the ancient Lycosura, there stood (as Pindar says) a lofty and splendid altar of Jupiter Lyceus, with which were in some way connected all the traditions concerning Lycæon, who sacrificed his child to Jupiter, and was in consequence transformed into a wolf. Now not only does the symbol of the wolf occur in this place, but there is also a reference to light. There stood here a sacred

shrine or *adytum*, supposed to be inaccessible; and the popular belief was, that whoever entered it cast no shadow; and in order to escape being sacrificed, the aggressor was obliged to escape as a deer: hence the pursuing god naturally appeared to the imagination as a wolf. We perceive that light was supposed to dwell within the sanctuary. Thus in this very ancient worship of the Parrhasians, which in other respects has little in common with the Doric worship of Apollo, we discover the same combination of ideas and symbols that exists in the latter, and cannot but consider it a vestige of some very ancient symbolical idea peculiar and general among the Greeks." i. 325-9.

This extract is given as really a fair medium specimen of the topics contained in the work, and the manner of handling them.

The second volume is principally occupied by a subject in itself sufficiently interesting—the political institutions of the Dorians, meaning thereby, the constitution of Sparta—the most powerful and renowned of the states founded by that race. Of the singular political structure, known as the constitution of Sparta, Rousseau has justly and pointedly remarked, that had it remained merely as a speculative system, not reduced to practice, its provisions would be deemed more visionary and unfit for the actual regulation of any society, than the laws proposed in Plato's treatise on a republic. No such remarks as this reward the reader for toiling through the pages before us, which bespeak the author to be a clumsy and obtuse compiler, rather than an enlightened jurist. There are still a few points worthy of notice. The accurate researches of the author inform us, that 8000 citizens of Sparta, by the superiority of their equipments and discipline, kept in subjection 80,000 of an inferior caste, yet intrusted with arms, though of an inferior efficacy. Such a vast disproportion between the oppressors and the oppressed, leads us naturally to reflect how advantageous to the best interests of humanity has been the invention of firearms; for it will probably be allowed that, in the present state of the art of war, no superiority of skill or weapons could enable any body of men to retain in a state of slavery a population ten times their own number, and produced under similar physical circumstances. In this part of the work is given a striking description of the consequences of a sentence of infamy passed on a Spartan. The deplorable position in which it placed the individual, appears to resemble that resulting to the Hindoo incurring loss of caste, and may suggest to our thoughts the degree of moral courage which those poor heathens must possess, who brave the alienation of their countrymen by becoming converts to Christianity:—

"On the other hand, infamy (*ἀτιμία*) was the more frequently used as a punishment, from the deep impression which it made on the mind of a Spartan. The highest degree of this infamy, as it appears, fell upon the coward, who either left the ranks, and fled from battle, or returned without the rest of the army, as Aristodemus from Thermopylæ. A person thus excommunicated could fill no public office; had the lowest place in the choruses; in the game of ball neither party would have him on their side; he could find no competitor in the Gymnasia, no companion of his tent in the field. The flame of his hearth was extinguished, as he was unable to obtain fire from any person. He was compelled to maintain his daughters at home, or if unmarried, to live in an empty house, since no one

would contract any alliance with him. In the street he yielded to every one the way, and gave up his seat to an inferior in age; his lost honour was at first sight evident to every one from his ragged cloak, and his half slavery, from his half shorn head." ii. 236-7.

The remainder of the work treats of the domestic institutions of the Dorians, and of their literature, which latter is an unfruitful subject, since their inferiority to the Ionians, in intellectual pursuits, was as strongly marked as their superior prowess and success in war. A slight inaccuracy occurs (pp. 215 and 291, of vol. ii.), where maize-bread is mentioned as a favourite food of the Spartans. Now, we know, on the best authority,† that this grain was indigenous to America, and before its discovery unknown in the old continent. There are four appendices, valuable, and perhaps indispensable, for those engaged earnestly in the study of Grecian history:—1st, on Macedonia; 2d, on the Geography of the Peloponnese; 3d, on the Geography of the North of Greece; 4th, on the Doric Dialect. As these are the legitimate and appropriate subjects of laborious learning, they come properly within the scope of the author's powers and acquisitions; and we are happy to be able to afford them the approbation reluctantly withheld from other parts of the work.

Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, by the Two Passes of Selimno and Pravad; also of a Visit to Azani, and other newly-discovered Ruins in Asia Minor, in the Years 1829-30. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

ACCORDING to the Table of Contents prefixed, these volumes are abundantly full of matter: the volumes themselves make no such pretensions—and we have been so sickened with *rifacimenti*, and the trash gleaned at home by travellers, to eke out their hasty notes, that a plain, unpretending narrative of what was really seen by a writer, is to us abundantly satisfactory; and we have been much better pleased with this work than we had anticipated we should have been. The very title-page, like the table of contents, is a little deceptive, and injudiciously so. The passes of the Balcan would not certainly justify the two volumes; and as to the visit to Azani, Major Keppel has, with the aid of Dr. Hall and Col. Leake, contrived to make it tedious without being learned, and the least pleasant part of the whole work. For the title-page, however, there is this apology, that it is exceedingly difficult to describe, in a few words, the real nature of the volumes, which record the observations of a sensible and unprejudiced man, on the ten thousand incidents, places, and things that attracted his attention in travelling over a country little known, and therefore extremely interesting. We cannot afford to Major Keppel any great space this week, and shall therefore confine ourselves to extracts. It was the Turkish campaigns that brought General Diebitsch immediately under the observation of Europe; but as the Polish campaign gives just now particular interest to all that relates to him, we shall here extract Major Keppel's inci-

† Humboldt, *Essai Pol. sur la Nouvelle Espagne*; tom. iii. p. 52.

dental mention of the meeting with him at Adrianople:—

"The fifth corps of the Russian army, seven thousand strong, marched from their encampment for Russia. Previous to their departure, a *Te Deum* was performed. The troops were formed into a large hollow square, open at each of the angles. In the centre were the priests in their full canonical robes, an officiating choir of soldiers, and all the general and principal staff officers. The heads of the whole assembly were uncovered. The appearance of the priests, with their oriental costume, their long hair and flowing beards, like the prophets of old, was remarkably striking. The chanting was extremely melodious. The principal priest, six feet five inches high, was an exceedingly handsome man: his light hair was parted on the forehead, and allowed to hang down his shoulders; his long beard rested upon a kind of ephod, or breast-plate, upon which was emblazoned a golden cross. The voice of the singers harmonized like the notes of a finely-toned organ. After this service, a large metal or silver bowl, full of water, was carried round the square, into which the principal priests dipped a brush, and with it besprinkled the soldiers as they passed.

"The most conspicuous actor in this performance was Field-Marshal Diebitsch, who, though a Protestant by profession, vied with the most devout in the crossings, besprinklings, and genuflections. The contrast between his appearance and that of the principal priest was highly ludicrous, he being as much below, as the priest is above, the common height. But the little field-marshal is too great a man not to call forth a more particular description of his personal appearance; more especially so, because, like the milk-maid in the nursery-song, though in a very opposite sense, his 'face' may be said to have been 'his fortune.'

"Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcanaky* (or the Trans-Balkanian), the additional one of the *Sematar* (or the tea-kettle).

"I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The Emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, 'l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible.' This 'delicate hint' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of the troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country.

"The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made

himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command.

"When the last religious rite was performed, the field-marshal and his staff mounted their horses, and the former, coming forward, addressed a few words to the soldiers, who received the order from their leaders to shout applause. They obeyed it, as they would any other command; a faint cheer issued from their lips, while the rest of their immovable features seemed, as they ever do, utter strangers to the relaxation of a smile.

"The troops now filed off, and marched past the field-marshal, on their road to Selimno. Their progress was enlivened by the vocal bands for which the Russians are so famous. The regiments were scarcely seven hundred strong: their full complement is three thousand; but plague, disease, famine, and the sword, had reduced them to their present numbers." i. 203—8.

Waldensian Researches during a Second Visit to the Fanois of Piemont; with an introductory inquiry into the Antiquity and Purity of the Waldensian Church. By William Stephen Gilly, M.A., Prebendary of Durham. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

THE history of that long and severely-persecuted people, who inhabit the valleys of the Piedmontese Alps, is perhaps one of the most interesting in the annals of civilization. Their uniform refusal to embrace the errors of the Latin church; their determined opposition to papal domination, and the unshrinking fortitude which they displayed in repelling the fierce aggressions of their spiritual adversaries, during the memorable years 1655 and 1656, and again in 1696, must raise them high in the estimation of all Protestant Christendom. When the vultures of persecution were let loose among their vallies, they retired to their mountain fastnesses, where, protected by the friendly glacier and surrounded with everlasting snows, they disputed every inch with these ferocious invaders, and, when overpowered for the moment, only retired to return with fresh energy and more effectual resistance. It is surprising with what unshrinking determination these hardy sons of the mountain and of the valley, maintained a desperate but unequal warfare against the stern enemies of their worship, resisting an immense superiority of numbers with the resolution of heroes and the devotion of martyrs. Perhaps the Waldenses have furnished more extraordinary instances both of united and individual heroism, than any portion, of the same extent, of the civilized earth. Their deeds, the efforts at once of a most holy enthusiasm and an indomitable spirit, were performed where there was neither bard nor chronicler to exhibit them to the world, adorned with the glowing hues of poetry, or arrayed in the graver colours of truth. It was the persecution of this people that aroused the deep sympathy of England during the protectorate of Cromwell—public prayers were offered for them in our churches—forty thousand pounds were collected by voluntary contributions for their relief—and Milton poured out his indignation in a sonnet remarkable for the agony of spirit that seems to have inspired him:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

The origin of this extraordinary people is involved in so much obscurity, that it is impossible to trace it with any absolute certainty. Mosheim, who is followed by Gibbon, pronounces them to have been a branch of the Paulicians, who were dissenters from the Manichee creed, though retaining some of its most heterodox principles, and whose doctrines were diffused over many parts of Europe in the thirteenth century. This, however, is ably refuted by Mr. Gilly, who shows that, as early as the tenth century, the Waldenses taught precisely the same doctrines as those which they now preach, and that theirs is at this moment the purest remnant of the primitive church existing.

We fully concur with the reverend champion of the Waldensian church, that the authority of Muratori, upon which both Mosheim and Gibbon found their arguments against its antiquity, is not to be relied on. He was, in the first place, a Romanist, and therefore, an enemy to all nonconforming christians, that is, to all who did not maintain the infallibility of the Romish church; and, it is certain, that his positions upon the subject to which we are now adverting, are, in the main, supported by very questionable and unsatisfactory evidence.

As any endeavour to throw light upon the origin of this interesting people is laudable, the christian world cannot but feel indebted to the learned prebendary of Durham, for the task which he has so earnestly undertaken, and which he has executed, upon the whole, with very considerable ability. He commences his work with a long dissertation of 156 pages, in which he endeavours to prove that the Waldenses are a perfect remnant of the primitive church: that from the fourth century to the present time, they have preserved, in their purity, the doctrines promulgated by the Apostles and first christians. This hypothesis he has maintained with great force of argument, and with no inconsiderable learning. He has so strongly entrenched himself behind the fences of fair and reasonable induction, in the absence of positive proof, that it would be no easy matter to dislodge him; and those who may not feel disposed to unite with him in his conclusions, must allow that the position which he endeavours to overthrow stands upon much weaker ground than that which he defends.

The vulgar notion respecting the origin of the Waldenses is, that Waldo, a Lyonsese refugee, was the founder of their little community; but Mr. Gilly repudiates this, and maintains with great show of reason that they do not owe their origin as a church, or their title as a community, to any individual, but to the peculiarity of their country, their popular cognomen signifying in its primitive sense, "men of the vallies," and is not, therefore, a patronymic derived from their imaginary founder.

As we cannot follow the learned preben-

dary through his elaborate but highly interesting dissertation, we must content ourselves with giving a few extracts. The following passage will at once afford a specimen of Mr. Gilly's eloquence as a writer, and piety as a christian.

"The primitive church! The one little lamp and its light, shining in the middle ages! The struggles of the first reformers—protestantism in its uncompromising firmness and integrity!—What a crowd of ideas rush into our minds when we think of these! How we try to imagine the scenes, the characters, the events of antiquity, when Christianity was at its purest and simplest degree, then to trace its course through the dark epochs of Romish usurpation, till it emerges into clear day again, at the era of the reformation. Many of the images, which we conjure up when reading of the past, are realized before the eyes of those who have opportunities of seeing the Waldensian church in her mountain hold,—so wonderfully are the past and present continued in her form, wasted though it is. In her we find the line carried up to a period sufficiently remote to connect her with the Apostolical succession. We trace the creed and the local habitation, if not the very name of this Alpine church, from age to age upwards, until we reach a date which satisfies us, that having early embraced the primitive faith, she has retained it amid the surrounding darkness, as its only faithful depository: and having done this, we discover the simple services, the primitive institutions, and the traits of christian character which correspond with those that may be collected from the pages of Justin Martyr and Tertullian." p. 2-3.

At page 8, where Mr. Gilly contends for the antiquity of the Waldensian church, he writes as follows:—

"The Waldenses of Piemont are not to be regarded as the successors of certain reformers, who first started up in France and Italy at a time when the corruptions of the Roman church and priesthood became intolerable, but as a race of simple mountaineers, who, from generation to generation, have continued steadily in the faith preached to their forefathers, when the territory, of which their valleys form a part, was first christianized. Ample proof will be given of this, as I proceed, and without attempting to fix the exact period of their conversion, I trust to be able to establish the fact, that this Alpine tribe embraced the gospel as it was first announced in all its purity, and continued true to it, in the midst of almost general apostasy. Nothing is more to be regretted than the mistakes which have been made upon this point, even by Protestant authors. Instead of connecting the primitive and reformed, or protestant churches by means of the Waldenses, who really remained unchanged, attempts have been made to date their appearance from the arrival of religious innovators in Europe, and to give an Oriental origin to the first formidable adversaries of Rome. This is countenancing the pretensions of the Latin church to Catholicity, and to unchangeableness from the beginning of the gospel kingdom. It cannot therefore be too often repeated, that the reformation did not spring out of strange doctrines, or out of tenets introduced into Europe from the East, in the eleventh or twelfth century, but from good seeds of apostolical Christianity, miraculously preserved in wilds and glens, when cities and capitals, and the high places of the earth were infected with the heresies of the Pontificate."

This view of the matter may a little diminish the glory which has for nearly three centuries been cast round the names of Luther and his coadjutors as the originators of that ever-memorable reformation which shook the papal

supremacy, and released the Christian world from a spiritual subjection to which they had so long servilely submitted. We must however remember, that, while it takes from the early reformers the credit of detecting the errors of the Romish church without a better guide than that of their own powerful reason, it relieves them from the charge of having contemplated and effected a change in the spiritual belief of a large class of Christians without the sanctions of authority derived from a church still pure and apostolical. Though Luther and the holy men who aided him, or immediately succeeded him in his labours, should not have done all that has been represented of them, we must confess, that those men are not to be lightly considered who burst the chains of papal bondage, and opened the way to spiritual liberty. They encountered difficulties and dangers of the most fearful kind, which they bravely resisted, and certainly effected one of the most memorable revolutions in the Christian church which has been witnessed since the time of the apostolic ministry. The assumption of the prebendary of Durham, that a religious community has existed in Europe almost up to the period of the first establishment of Christianity, and which has maintained the doctrines of the gospel uncorrupted through a succession of at least fourteen centuries, will afford the most complete ratification to the creed of the reformed churches, when it is found that it scarcely differs from that observed by a church which is supposed to be of such primitive antiquity.

We do not pretend to assert that Mr. Gilly has absolutely put his hypothesis beyond contradiction; but we confess, that his arguments, in favour of the antiquity of the Waldensian church, are not easily to be rebutted; and we say, that if his position be true, it is one of the most important facts which ecclesiastical history supplies.

We hope to recur to this valuable book in a future number, when we shall be able to lay before our readers some more interesting extracts than the first portion of the volume furnishes.

Lays from the East. By R. C. Campbell. London, 1831. Smith, Elder & Co.

This book having come to hand reasonably recommended, we have, as a matter of conscience, travelled through it, from page one to page two hundred and fifty-two, and are sorry to say, that it is scored up in our week's calendar as a hard day's work. Mr. Campbell opening with such a modest epigraph from Cowper, and then dating from Madras, it was impossible not to feel interested—and interested we remain—for him, as evidently a man of acute feelings, who has met with sorrows of heart, who loves nature, and who sympathizes with misfortune. But the two hundred and fifty-two pages of poetry—but the deification of kisses and blisses, sylphs, zephyrs, odours, sounds, dreams, dews, blushes, flushes, gushes—but the love that, like the mirth in Tam O'Shanter, comes "fast and furious"—but the ladies and their lovers, who must, indeed, have had their birthplace in the East—these are not things to which we can give either sympathy or admiration. To make good sense, (as popularly interpreted,) the test of good poetry would be palpably short-sighted; but poetry,

in its wildest flights of fancy, its most anguished eloquence of grief, ought to be true to its own principles of interpretation: a metaphor may be untrue as a moral statement, but it ought to be correct as an imaginative creation;—poetry should err perspicuously, and we cannot, for any appearance of grandeur, consent to the oblivion of grammar. Young mistrels and minstrelles are apt to fancy that "pouring out sorrows like a sea," in the first words that come to mind, constitutes poetry; that an accumulation of figures must, of necessity, ensure meaning; that the wild beatings of an ungoverned sensibility, the tawdry descriptions of commonplace tragicities, the affixing of one kind of epithet to a directly opposite class of page, thus giving to their thoughts an air of amphibiousness; that forming compound words, and making substantives verbs, and adjectives adverbs; that all these, and a thousand similar absurdities, make poetry. Errors of this nature have not been fallen into by Mr. Campbell through ambition, or a wilful defiance of established modes of thinking and speaking, but from a want of intellectual knowledge, from over-estimating the poetical worth of mere emotion, and a consequent mistaking of vehemence for vigour. What the ancient painter said to his pupil may be here quoted and applied: "You could not make your Helen beautiful, and you have therefore made her fine." Were we inclined for a good slaughtering article, and to play the gentle savage at Mr. Campbell's expense, nothing would be easier; but there is, with all his glitter and tinsel, a spirit, flow, and feeling about many of his verses—an earnestness of intention about him, that effectually represses all desire to do him harm.

Here is a good stanza, merely changing the word *wresting* to "winning":—

Oh! it is sweet to rove the woodland plain,—
To penetrate the mysteries that veil
In nature's darkest windings—and to reign
The hermit-king of solitude—the scale
Of Providence to trace, and search the vein
Of rich creation—forest, hill, and dale;
Piercing the secrets of an unknown power,
And *wresting* myst'ries from the meanest flower!

But over the leaf—what comes?

The sun was dipping his encrimsoned face
Deep in the bosom of the western sea!

We have here the personage of the most temperate habits in the universe—the earliest riser, the least sleeper, the best President of "the Society for the Suppression of Vice,"—the Sun himself, "who never tires nor stops to rest," made out to be a sort of "red-nosed lieutenant"! How should he have an "encrimsoned face," who never drinks any thing but dew? But this is only the opening to a scene yet more fiery—a love-meeting, the climax of which is—

Water and moonlight, trees, passion, and bliss—

concerning which, Mr. Campbell asks—

Oh, is there aught in heaven to rival this?

a line, we consider, neither more nor less than profane; but if Mr. Campbell chooses to ask—

Oh, is there aught on earth to rival this?—

we have our answer ready—A ROAST PIG, and we will refer the question to our pleasant imaginative friend Elia.

The quantity of *kisses*, taking in those that pass between zephyrs and flowers, waves and pebbles, besides ladies and their lovers, is beyond counting: it occasioned a grave matron to say, that the author "must be fond

of kissing-crust." Seriously speaking, this very fervid style of writing is a stain that sadly wants a sponge; and the love it delineates is false and absurd. Take a specimen:—

This is the lot
Of the true lover ever—Hopes, that rise
To be struck down by lightning;—Joy, that flies
From the expecting bosom ere 'tis got;
Kisses, that sweeten on the lips, but scorch
The panting heart with passion's fiery torch;—
Pressures of hands and hearts, and looks that deal
Destruction in their fervency, and steal
The soul from its high duty;—burning sighs,
That in their strength consume the purities
Of fair Religion!

Now, if this be true—if real love only dwells with death and desperation—what, we should like to know, is the feeling that unites all the multitudes of married people who are living together in happiness and comfort? The time must come when poets, great and small, will give us more abidingly "a holy and a cheerful note." We are sick of horrors, tired of sorrows, and ready to throw sentiment into the sea: it is the Jonah of literature. We had marked several other faults and follies for importation into this notice. A habit of speaking of ladies' bosoms as "a wealth of whiteness"—"a wealth of snow,"—phrases far more applicable to Mont Blanc,—even were this corporeal mode of speaking of the female sex not open to stronger objections. It does not give the intellectuality of personal beauty;—but we forbear. Mr. Campbell will, we hope, live to send other 'Lays from the East,' in which the good in these will be increased, and the evil avoided. The following is a pretty fancy:—

The Warrior returned.

She hid his sword in the myrtle boughs
That waved o'er the rustic porch;
And, long ere the summer's sunny close,
You might see, by the glow-worm's torch,
A rusted blade, once red with guilt,
With pure dew wet; whilst in the hilt
A sparrow had built its tiny nest,
Where the warrior's hand had loved to rest!
She hung his spear 'mid the clustering vines
That clung round the window-sill;
And red is its point, and it brightly shines,
As if bathed in life's current still.
For round it the ripest grapes twist thick,
But they hang so high that none may pick;
They have burst in their pride, and their juice runs o'er
The spear that shall glisten with blood no more!
His shield rests now in the cottage room,
And his helmet nods on the wall;
But oh! she hath pilfer'd its painted plume
For the sports of the festival!
And his war cloak is there,—o'er that basket flung
Where his first-born babe, the slumbering young,
Smiles out through his dreams, as free from guile
As his father's breast, or his mother's smile!

*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and
Behring's Strait, to co-operate with the
Polar Expeditions. Under the Command
of Capt. F. W. Beechey. 4to.*

[Third Notice.]

IN our first notice of Capt. Beechey's work, we promised our readers that they would find variety. Having given them some sketches of character from under the equator, we were half inclined to introduce them to an amiable family in the Arctic regions, but the public have been already surfeited with Esquimaux Indians and whale-blubber.

The *Blossom* having reached Icy Cape, a boat expedition from the ship explored the coast to the latitude of 71° 23' N. and lon. 156° 21' W., the furthest point reached. The manner in which this was conducted, is a proof that the operations of the *Blossom* were well seconded, and Capt. Beechey very hand-

somely makes the same acknowledgment. Two plates by Finden, from the pencil of Mr. Smyth, a midshipman of the expedition, show the perilous nature of this duty. Nothing, however, was seen of Capt. Franklin or his party, and at the close of the summer (1826), the *Blossom* made sail to the southward, for the more inviting shore of California.

Sailors of all classes, certainly undergo the greatest privations; but they have their recompense. Released from a turbulent sea, and a boisterous climate, the *Blossom* approached the shore of California—"When the day broke," says Capt. Beechey, "we found ourselves about four miles from the land. It was a beautiful morning, with just sufficient freshness in the air to exhilarate without chilling. The tops of the mountains, the only part of the land visible, formed two ranges, between which our port was situated. Though its entrance, as well as the valleys and the low lands, were still covered with the morning mist condensed around the bases of the mountains, we bore up for the opening between the ranges, anxious for the rising sun to withdraw the veil, that we might obtain a view of the harbour, and form our judgment of the country in which we were about to pass the next few weeks. As we advanced, the beams of the rising sun gradually descended the hills, until the mist, dispelled from the land, rolled on before the refreshing sea wind, discovering cape after cape, and exhibiting a luxuriant country, apparently abounding in wood and rivers. At length two low promontories, the southern one distinguished by a fort and a Mexican flag, marked the narrow entrance of the port.

"We spread our sails with all the anxiety of persons who had long been secluded from civilized society, and deprived of wholesome aliment; but after the first effort of the breeze, it died away, and left us becalmed in a heavy N.W. swell." 344.

But San Francisco seems to remain in much the same condition as left by Capt. Vancouver, a remark which applies equally to other settlements on this coast.

The Spaniards have an inveterate propensity for calling in the aid of scriptural names, to distinguish the geographical features of a country. We have here, rivers called by the names of Jesus Maria, El Sacramento, and in other parts well known, those of Espiritu Santo, and Madre de Dios, words that will not bear translation, when conferred on islands, rivers, &c.; and compared to which even the vulgar appellations we meet with on the coast of Newfoundland are preferable.

We have not space for the interesting description of San Francisco, the adventures of a party that visited Monterey, the unwarrantable attack on the unfortunate native Indians at the instigation of a priest, the humorous description of a Californian dragoon, or the revolting account of the favourite amusement of the place, viz. a fight between a bear and a bull—all of which we must leave to the reader.

From San Francisco the *Blossom* proceeded to the Sandwich Islands and from thence to Macao. It seems that by entering the Typa without a pilot, Capt. Beechey not only incurred the displeasure of the Portuguese, but so affronted the natives of the Celestial Empire, as to draw forth a rich specimen of that bombast for which they are so renowned:—

"The mandarin received a satisfactory answer from Sir William Fraser, but some days after, the Hoppo finding the ship did not go away, addressed the following letter to the Hong merchants:—

"Wan, by imperial appointment, commissioner for foreign duties of the port of Canton, an officer of the imperial household, cavalry officer, &c. &c. &c. raised three steps, and recorded seventeen times,

"Hereby issues an order to the Hong merchants.

"The Macao Wenguen have reported that on the 18th of the 13th moon, the pilot Chinnang-Kwang announced that on the 17th an English cruiser, Peit-che, arrived, and anchored at Tausae.

"On the pilot's inquiring, the said captain affirmed that he came from his own country to cruise about other parts, but gales of wind forced him in here, where he would anchor awhile till the wind was fair, and then he would take his departure. I could only in obedience ascertain these circumstances, and also the following particulars:—

"There are in the ship 120 seamen, 26 guns, 60 muskets, 60 swords, 700 catties of powder, and 700 balls.

"This information is hereby communicated to higher authority.

"Coming before me, the Hoppo, I have inquired into the case, and since the said vessel is not a merchant-ship nor convoy to merchantmen, it is inexpedient to allow pretenses to be made for her anchoring, and creating a disturbance. I, therefore, order her to be driven out of the port, and on the receipt of this order, let the merchants, in obedience thereto, enjoin the said nations, foreigners, to force her away. They will not be allowed to make glossing pretenses for her lingering about, and creating a disturbance which will implicate them in crime. Let the day of her departure be reported. Haste! Haste! a special order.

"Taou Kwang,

"7th year, 3rd month, 24th day."

"The Hong merchants transmitted this bombastic letter of the Hoppo to the British factory with the following letter: but I must observe that the pilot was incorrect in saying that he derived his information from me, or that such a pretext for putting into the Typa was made.

"We respectfully inform you that on 23rd inst. we received an edict from the Hoppo concerning Peit-che's cruiser anchoring at Tausae, and ordering her away. We send a copy of the document for your perusal, and beg your benevolent brethren of the committee to enforce the order on the said Peit-che's cruiser to go away and return home. She is not allowed to linger about.

"We further beg you to inform us of her departure, that we may with evidence before us report the same to government.

"We write on purpose about this matter alone, and send our compliments, wishing you well in every respect.

"To the chiefs: "We the merchants:
Mr. Frazer, Wooshowchang, (How-
Mr. Toone, qua'sson), and others."
Mr. Plowden."

The similarity between the names Beechey and Peit-che corresponds with that tact for imitation so peculiar to these people. The supplies, however, required by the *Blossom* were of so trifling a nature, that she was ready for sailing by the arrival of the mandate to begone; and it is not unlikely that the circumstance of her quick departure was construed into a tacit compliance, and produced much gratification.

The favourite island of Loo Choo lay in a sea which contained several points of inquiry mentioned in Captain Beechey's orders. Hither the ship directed her course, and her arrival was welcomed by the natives in the far-famed bay of Napakeang. The same busy curiosity about every thing relating to

the ship—the same aversion to our people going to any distance in the interior—the same politeness of manner—the same reluctance to allow their females to be seen, and the same extraordinary generosity were found by Captain Beechey, as were so fully and ably described in the popular works which were produced by the visit of the *Alceste* and *Lyra*. The people of Loo Choo are a very extraordinary and a very cunning race. Their dislike of being supposed to possess a current coin is quite unaccountable. Capt. Beechey has contributed much to our knowledge of their history.

"Our countrymen," he observes, "were further led to believe, from what they saw of the mild and gentle conduct of the superior orders in Loo Choo towards their inferiors, that the heaviest penalty attached to the commission of a crime was a gentle tap of a fan. Our friend with his bamboo cane, who was put on board to preserve order among his countrymen, afforded the first and most satisfactory evidence we could have had of this being an error, and had we possessed no other means of information, his conduct would have favoured the presumption of more severe chastisement being occasionally inflicted. It happened, however, fortunately, that I had purchased in China a book of the punishments of that country, in which the refined cruelty of the Chinese is exhibited in a variety of ways. By showing these to the Loo Choo people, and inquiring if the same were practised in their country, we found that many of their punishments were very similar. Those which they acknowledged were death by strangulation upon a cross, and sometimes under the most cruel torture; and minor punishments, such as loading the body with iron chains; or locking the neck into a heavy wooden frame; enclosing a person in a case, with only his head out, shaved, and exposed to a scorching sun; and binding the hands and feet, and throwing quicklime into the eyes. I was further assured that confession was sometimes extorted by the unheard-of cruelty of dividing the joints of the fingers alternately, and clipping the muscles of the legs and arms with scissors. Isaacha Sando took pains to explain the manner in which this cruelty was performed, putting his fingers to the muscles in imitation of a pair of shears, so that I could not be mistaken: besides, other persons at Potosong told me in answer to my inquiry, for I was rather sceptical myself, that it was quite true, and that they had seen a person expire under this species of torture." p. 486-7.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for many other interesting particulars of these people, and a concise history of the island, drawn up by Captain Beechey from various authorities. Like their neighbours, the Chinese, they are very jealous of their antiquity, and date the reign of their first king 18,446 years ago. Their present condition is conveyed in the following few words:—

"Thus Loo Choo, like almost every other nation, has been disturbed by civil wars, and the state has been endangered by foreign invasion: her towns have been plundered, her palaces consumed, and her citizens carried into captivity. Situated between the empires of China and Japan, she has been mixed up with their quarrels, and made subservient to the interests of both; at one time suffering all the miseries of invasion, and at another acting as a mediator. Allied by preference to China, and by fear and necessity, from her proximity, to Japan, she is obliged, to avoid jealousy, to pay tribute to both, though that to the latter country is said to be furnished by the merchants who are most interested in the trade to that empire. Their conduct to strangers who have touched at their ports has ever been uniformly polite and hospitable; but they would

rather be exempt from such friendly visits; and though extremely desirous of obtaining European manufactures, particularly cloth, hosiery, and cutlery, they would oppose any open attempt to introduce them. The most likely means of establishing a communication with them would be through Chinese merchants at Canton, who might be persuaded to send goods there in their own names and under the charge of their own countrymen." p. 512.

The 'View from the port of Napakeang' is by no means calculated to produce so favourable an impression as the description of it conveys to the reader, but that of the 'Junk, with Tribute,' is a clever picture.

Unable to visit the interior of Loo Choo, of which they had so inviting a prospect from the bay, Captain Beechey and his officers were anxious to leave it, and gladly pursued their voyage. After visiting the *Islas del Arzobispo*, which are only remarkable for their volcanic nature, and determining the positions of some small islands, the season approached when they were to pay their last visit to Behring's Strait. On their way thither, Awatska Bay, in which is situated the little town of Petropaulski, was visited. This is the place of banishment used by the Russian government; and at the time the *Blossom* was there, some new buildings were in progress for exiles expected from St. Petersburg. It is gratifying, and must have been particularly so to Captain Beechey, to find, in this distant part of the world, that so much respect is paid to the memory of our departed countryman Captain Clerke, who accompanied Cook:—

"It was with much pleasure we noticed in the governor's garden the monument of our departed countryman Captain Clerke, which for better preservation had been removed from its former position by the late governor. It was on one side of a broad gravel walk, at the end of an avenue of trees. On the other side of the walk, there was a monument to the memory of the celebrated Beering. The former, it may be recollected, was erected by the officers of Captain Krusenstern's ship; and the latter had been purposely sent from St. Petersburg. This mark of respect from the Russians toward our departed countryman calls forth our warmest gratitude, and must strengthen the good understanding which exists and is daily increasing between the officers of their service and our own. The monument will ever be regarded as one of the greatest interest, as it marks the places of interment of the companions of the celebrated Cook and Beering, and records the generosity of the much-lamented Perouse, who placed a copper-plate over the grave of our departed countryman Captain Clerke; and of the celebrated Admiral Krusenstern, who erected the monument, and affixed a tablet upon it to the memory of the Abbé de la Croyère. Such eminent names, thus combined, create a regret that the materials on which they are engraved are not as imperishable as the memory of the men themselves." p. 526-7.

We now arrive at the most disastrous part of the voyage. On approaching Behring's Strait, the barge was again fitted out, and sent, as before, to examine the coast for Capt. Franklin's party, while the ship made her way to the northward. Like the second attempt of the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, after the death of Captain Cook, to penetrate into the Polar basin, the present was far less successful than that of the preceding summer. The season was found to be less favourable, in consequence of strong westerly winds, and the ice reached much further to the southward on the American shore. A strong

current drifted the ship on a bank off Hotham inlet, but the weather continued moderate, and no damage was sustained. As might naturally be supposed, the expectation of seeing Captain Franklin's party was uppermost in their minds, and twice they experienced disappointment from parties of Esquimaux who waved to them from the shore to carry on trade. At length the appointed time of rendezvous for the barge arrived, and the place was approached with anxious hopes:

"After having so narrowly escaped shipwreck, we beat up all night with thick weather, and the next morning steered for Chamisso Island. As we approached the anchorage we were greatly disappointed at not seeing the barge at anchor, as her time had expired several days, and her provisions were too nearly expended for her to remain at sea with safety to her crew; but on scrutinizing the shore with our telescopes, we discovered a flag flying upon the south-west point of Choris Peninsula, and two men waving a piece of white cloth to attract attention. Amidst the sensations of hope and fear, a doubt immediately arose whether the people we saw were the long-looked-for land expedition, or the crew of our boat, who had been unfortunate amongst the ice, or upon the coast, in the late boisterous weather. The possibility of its being the party under Captain Franklin arrived in safety, after having accomplished its glorious undertaking, was the first, because the most ardent, wish of our sanguine minds; but this was soon contradicted by a nearer view of the flag, which was clearly distinguished to be the ensign of our own boat, hoisted with the union downwards, emblematical of distress. The boats were immediately sent to the relief of the sufferers, with provisions and blankets, concluding, as we saw only part of the crew stirring about, and others lying down within a small fence erected round the flag-staff, that they were ill, or had received hurts.

"On the return of the first boat our conjectures as to the fate of the barge were confirmed; but with this difference, that instead of having been lost upon the coast to the northward, she had met her fate in Kotzebue Sound; and we had the mortification to find that three of the crew had perished with her. Thus, at the same time that we were consoling ourselves, in the event of our misfortunes of the preceding day terminating disastrously, that we should receive relief from our boat, her crew were anticipating assistance from us." p. 548-9.

For the sake of future travellers, it is to be regretted that the endeavours to keep on amicable terms with the natives were not successful. The details of Mr. Belcher's voyage in the barge will be read with a lively interest, as well as the tragical events by which it was followed. All hopes of effecting the principal object of the expedition were now at an end, and the near approach of winter was a signal for their departure.

"In the beginning of October we had sharp frosts and heavy falls of snow. On the 4th the earth was deeply covered, and the lakes were frozen; the thermometer during the night fell to 25°, and at noon on the 5th to 24°, and there was every appearance of the winter having commenced. It therefore became my duty seriously to consider on the propriety of continuing longer in these seas. We had received no intelligence of Captain Franklin's party, nor was it very probable that it could now appear; and we could only hope, as the time had arrived when it would be imperative on us to withdraw from him the only relief he could experience in these seas, that he had met with insurmountable obstacles to his proceeding, and had retraced his route up the M'Kenzie River." p. 560.

After touching at several places on the shore of the Pacific the *Blossom* returned to England. Capt. Beechey closes his narrative with some interesting remarks on the Esquimaux character, and judicious observations on the great question of the north-west passage, which, coming from a person of his experience, are entitled to attention. He says, "the extent of land thus left unexplored between Point Turnagain and Icy Cape is comparatively so insignificant, that, as regards the question of the north-west passage, it may be considered to be known; and in this point of view both expeditions, though they did not meet, may be said to have been fully successful;"—and we agree with him, that any one who considers attentively the formation of the coast already discovered by these expeditions, will not hesitate to pronounce on its continuity between the furthest points attained by them, which almost amounts to its absolute discovery.

What is become of Captain Ross and his steam-boat, the *Victory*? Has he already penetrated through this icy wilderness, and passed down Behring's Strait? or has he only left his name to be added to the list of those less fortunate navigators of the Polar regions, on which that of Hudson stands painfully conspicuous? With all our hopes for his safety, we shrink from the answer, and leave the question in its mysterious uncertainty.

We have already spoken in favourable terms of the work before us. With such an opportunity as Captain Beechey had, he could not fail in producing a valuable work. His minute examination of those coral islands, the form of which he has carefully delineated, will afford to future naturalists the means of detecting their progress; while the accuracy with which he has determined their position, as well as the heights of the land at the various places he visited, are no less desirable for the modern geographer; nor will the man of science want wherewithal to employ him in the numerous meteorological and other phenomena which he has supplied; the navigator will be deeply indebted to him; and all who take up this standard work for amusement will close it with reluctance.

Captain Beechey has wisely profited by those who have gone before him, in separating the merely scientific from the other part of his work, so that the thread of his narrative is not interrupted by what can only concern a few. Imitating the worthy example of his illustrious predecessor, Captain Cook, Captain Beechey has assumed that tone of independence which should always characterize works of this nature. Our only regret at present is, that the work, owing to its costly garb, is not within the reach of every one; but time will correct this, and we shall see it hereafter in a more humble and much more useful shape.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life, chiefly for the use of Young Persons. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 3 vols. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker & Co.

CAPT. HALL is well known as an author, though decidedly what, in the language of the sea, would be called a "regular built" sailor. None ever took to his profession with

more ardour, none ever pursued it with more zeal, and few perhaps there are who have better deserved its rewards. He was one, determined from the first moment he embarked to see everything in the best light, and instead of murmuring or being disheartened by the present evil, looked beyond it to the promise of future honours. Such should be the frame of mind of all who enter into the navy, or its glittering prospects will be obscured and lost sight of in the rugged and dangerous path that leads to them, long before they are realized. This first essential qualification for a sailor is forcibly advanced by Capt. Hall: and when his book hereafter falls into the hands of our young middies, as it assuredly will, a first and very natural question will be, "I wonder if this fellow practised what he preaches?" The answer will be before them. His simple and yet sensible letters, and his present rank, prove that he was in earnest.

'Early predilections' and 'Going afloat,' are faithful pictures of the juvenile mind. They will be read by the young tyro with eagerness, and to the more advanced in the profession they will recall those feelings which once pervaded his breast, and left such an impression as will defy the efforts of time to efface. Who that has endured the irksome thralldom of a school has not sighed like him for the "glorious freedom of the sea-beach?"

Few lads enter the service of the navy so well prepared as Capt. Hall: from the first to the last his has been a life of observation; and there are not many of his profession who can put their hands on notes of passing events from the period of their first embarkation. But we will give our readers some extracts from the work. The following scene is an excellent specimen of the first essay of a midshipman. A fire had occurred on board his ship which he had made himself very useful in helping to extinguish. Hitherto he had done no duty, but this brought him into notice, and accordingly next day he was sent for by the first lieutenant, and, as he says, "was ordered into the jolly-boat which was manned alongside, with some message to a ship which he named, lying near us at Spithead. I hesitated; and upon his asking me why I did not 'be off,' I replied that I did not know which was the ship in question. 'Oh,' said he, looking over the gang-way hammocks, 'that is the ship with the top-gallant-masts struck.'"

"Now, I had not the remotest idea what the term 'top-gallant-masts struck' might mean; but as the officer seemed impatient, I hurried down the side. The bow-man shoved the boat off, and away we rowed, making a very zig-zag course; for, though I had the tiller in my hand, I knew very imperfectly how to use it. The strokesman of the boat at last laid his oar across, touched his hat, and said, 'Which ship are we going to, Sir?'"

"I answered, in the words of the first lieutenant, 'The one with the top-gallant-masts struck.'"

"Oh, Sir," exclaimed the fellow, smiling, "we have past her some time—there she lies," pointing astern.

"Round we pulled—and I was much inclined to ask the man to steer the boat; for, although my old associates, the fishermen on the coast of Scotland, had edified me a little on this matter, I found it quite a different affair to take a boat alongside a man-of-war at Spithead, in a tide's way, from what it had been to run a cobbler on the beach. Accordingly, I first ran the jolly-boat stern on, and, in trying to remedy this lub-

berly blunder, gave orders which had the effect of bringing the boat head and stern—which is about as wrong in seamanship, as it would be in a horseman to put his right foot into the stirrup in mounting, which, of course, would bring him with his face to the tail.

"Nevertheless, I crawled up the side, gave my message, and returned to report the answer. The only salutation I received from the first lieutenant was in the following words—uttered in a sharp, angry tone:—

"Where the deuce have you been, youngster, all this time? and what possessed you to go cruising about amongst the whole fleet at such a rate?"

"I hope I shall learn to do better, Sir," I stammered out.

"There is much room for improvement, I am sure," he cried.

"I was made painfully sensible, by the tartness of this reproach, that there was no very extraordinary degree of professional sagacity in what I had recently done about the fire near the magazine. I had been taking some credit to myself for not bawling out 'fire, fire!' and especially for having thought of the pots of beer; but this brilliant piece of service seemed now all forgotten!" p. 57—60.

This forgetfulness on the part of the officer of the young sailor's zeal on the previous day, his thoughtless rebuke, and the youth's reflections, draw from Capt. Hall some observations that ought to be circulated all through the navy:—

"Officers, and other persons in authority, should therefore be careful how they strike young folks with their tongues; for, although the wounds made do not show upon the skin like those caused by steel or lead, they often sink deeper into the feelings, and frequently remain rankling there much longer than was intended, or than is useful.

"Of course, I was excessively mortified; but the justice of the officer's censure was so obvious, and the ridicule of the seamen in the boat, even subdued as it was, so fair, that I soon saw I had nothing to do but to set about learning to steer forthwith, and to lose no time in finding out what 'striking top gallant-masts' could possibly mean." p. 60.

Our readers have heard of the cockpit of a man of war, and many may probably have seen this dark abode of future heroes. Capt. Hall thus describes those with whom he found himself:—

"Some of these lads had a turn for mechanics, some for navigation; others devoted much of their time to rigging, and different branches of seamanship—their hands being constantly in the tar-bucket. A few applied themselves to reading and drawing; several desperate hands stuck resolutely to the flute; one or two thought of nothing but dress; and a few swore a pretty steady friendship to the grog-bottle; while every now and then a sentimental youth deemed himself inspired, and wrote execrable verses, which we thought capital. By far the greater number of these promising young men have found graves—some on land, some in the deep sea!" p. 87.

Some people imagine that their sons if unfit for other professions, will do well enough for the sea. As a warning to them not to assign such a reason before the young gentlemen in the cockpit, we shall quote the following anecdote:—

"This reminds me of a tailor at Halifax, who, on being sadly provoked by some of the scampish band amongst us, for not paying his abominably long bills, said, in a rage, in the cockpit before us all, that, after having tried his son in half a dozen professions, without any chance of success, he was now resolved, as a last resource,

to make a midshipman of him! This sarcasm was uttered during the short peace of Amiens, when we first visited Halifax—a period when the mids had so little real business to attend to, that they seized eagerly upon any opening for a joke. As soon, therefore, as the tailor had quitted the ship, it was resolved to punish him for his uncourteous speech.

"It had not escaped the notice of his tormentors, that this vulgar fraction of his species prided himself, in a most especial degree, on the dignity of a very enormous tail or queue, which reached half way down his back; and it was resolved in secret council, that this appendage should be forthwith docked.

"Nothing, I must fairly own, could be more treacherous than the means devised to lower the honour and glory of the poor tailor. He was formally invited to dinner with us; and being well plied with grog, mixed according to the formidable rule for making what is called a Northwester, which prescribes that one half of each glass shall consist of rum, and the other half of rum and water, our poor guest was soon brought under the table. Being then quite incapable of moving, he was lifted in noisy triumph out of the berth, and placed in the tier, across the bends of the small bower cable, where, after many a grunt and groan at the rugged nature of his couch, he at length fell asleep.

"His beautiful tail, the pride of his life! was presently glued, by means of a lump of pitch, to the strands of the cable; and such was the tenacity of the substance, that in the morning, when, on the daylight gun being fired directly over his head, poor snip awoke, he could no more detach himself from the spot on which he lay, than could Lemuel Gulliver in like circumstances. His noddle was still so confused, that he knew not where he lay, nor what held him down. After tugging at his hair for a minute or two, he roared out lustily for help. One of the mids, seized with the brilliant idea of making the tailor the finisher of his own fate, hurried to his assistance, and, handing him a knife, roared out, 'by all means to make haste, as the devil had got hold of him by the tail!'

"The poor tradesman, terrified out of his wits, and in great horror at his mysterious situation, instantly did as he was desired, and cut away lustily, little dreaming that his own rash hand was shearing the highest and most cherished honours of his house! On turning round, he beheld with dismay the ravished locks, which, for half a century, and more, had been the joint delight of himself and his tender partner Rebecca. As the thought of returning tail-less to his home crossed his half-bewildered brain, he exclaimed, in agony of spirit to his malicious tormentors: 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I am a lost man to my Becky!'

"The revenge of the malicious middies was now complete; and this expression, of being a 'lost man to one's Becky,' became a by-word in the ship, for many years afterwards, to denote the predicament of any one who got into a scrape, and came out of it with loss." p. 96.

There is much to admire in the following picture of the coolness of a British admiral, as well as subject for reflection, in one of those painful scenes which produce greater sensations of sorrow throughout a ship than a hundred actions. The *Leander* was on her way from Halifax to Bermuda, and was overtaken by one of those furious storms common to those seas. Captain Hall says—

"I was standing, where I had no business to be, on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, holding on stoutly by one of the belaying pins, and wondering where this novel scene was to end, but having an obscure idea that the ship was going to the bottom. The admiral was looking up at the splitting sail as composedly as

possible, after desiring that the main-top-men, whose exertions were quite useless, should be called down out of the way of the ropes, which were cracking about their heads. Every now and then I could see the weather-wise glance of the veteran's eye directed to windward, in hopes that matters would mend. But they only became worse; and at last, when the foremast seemed to be really in danger, for it was bending like a cane, though the foresail had been reefed, he waited not to run through the usual round of etiquette by which an admiral's commands generally reach the executive on board ship, but exclaimed, with a voice so loud, that it made me start over to the lee-side of the deck—"Man the fore-clue garnets!"

"In the next minute the sail rose gradually to the yard, and the groaning old ship, by this time sorely strained to her innermost timber, seemed to be at once relieved from the pressure of the canvass which had borne her headlong, right into the seas, and made her tremble from stem to stern, almost as if she were going to pieces.

"The next thing to be done was to get in the jib-boom, in order to ease the bowsprit. In effecting this rather troublesome operation, one of the primest seamen we had fell overboard. He was second captain of the fore-castle, the steadiness of whose admirable skill as a steersman had one day elicited the complimentary remark from the captain, that he must surely have nailed the compass card to the binnacle. On this, and other accounts, he was so much esteemed in the ship, that more than the usual degree of regret was felt for his melancholy fate. I saw the poor fellow pitch into the water, and watched him as he floated past, buoyant as a cork, and breasting the waves most gallantly, with an imploring look towards us, which I shall never forget. In less than a minute he was out of sight. A boat could hardly have lived in such weather, and no further attempt was made, or could have been made, to save him, than to throw over ropes, which all fell short of their mark. Although we soon lost all traces of him, it is probable he may have kept sight of us, as we drifted quickly to leeward under our bare poles, long after we had ceased to distinguish his figure in the yest of the waves." 106—9.

We have not space, at present, for more extracts from this interesting little work; but, as this is only the first volume, we shall have sufficient opportunity to notice it hereafter. It is calculated to do much good in the naval service. The author addresses himself principally to young persons, but the subject he treats of is worthy the attention of all. Captain Hall has made some able remarks on the "diversities in discipline," pursued by various commanders of His Majesty's ships, which are directed to the executive part of the profession, and are calculated to remove that asperity of disposition in points of duty, considered necessary by some officers, but which was never attributed to Lord Nelson. His ideas relating to the condition of the schoolmaster on board perfectly coincides with our own; and we hope that this point will meet with that attention which its importance demands. We strongly recommend this little work to the attention of our naval readers. Captain Hall speaks with the experience of an old officer to the junior branches of his profession, and with the reasoning of a philosopher to those who have the power of remedying some of its evils.

The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli. The former written, and the latter edited by John Knowles, F.R.S. 3 vols. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

LIMITED as we are in space, we can but make election between comment and extract, and we give precedence to the latter—with a word in favour of the admirable portrait prefixed to these volumes: the right hand is indeed rather too anatomically laboured, but the head is admirable for its delicacy and expression, and does great credit to Mr. Dean, the engraver.

"When Fuseli returned to England, Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the zenith of popularity as a portrait-painter; but his powers in historical painting were not then sufficiently appreciated: hence, some of his best works remained on his hands until his death; for example, the 'Dido,' the series of designs for the painted window at Oxford, the 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' and several others. West, as an historical painter, was held, at this time, in equal, if not in higher esteem by the public, than Sir Joshua. Fuseli was astonished at this, and accordingly was not backward in expressing his opinion thereon, both in writing and in conversation, for he was at no time of his life an admirer of West. He however always gave to him the merit of much skill in composing;—of a thorough knowledge of the art which he professed, and a perfect mastery over the materials which he employed; and he spoke in terms of qualified praise of his pictures of 'Regulus,'—'Death of Wolfe,' and 'Paul shaking the viper from his hand.'—But he considered that West was wanting in those qualities of the art which give value to historical design,—invention, and boldness of drawing; and being determined to show what he could do in these particulars, in 1780, Fuseli exhibited at the Royal Academy the following pictures:

"Ezzlin musing over Medusa, slain by him, for disloyalty, during his absence in the Holy Land."—"Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel's lance."—"Jason appearing before Pelias, to whom the sight of a man with a single sandal had been predicted fatal."

"These paintings raised him, in the opinion of the best judges, to the highest rank in the art; and the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, considered that they possessed so much merit, that he had them placed in prominent situations in the Exhibition." i. 62-3.

The following is curious, when we remember the reference to Fuseli in the preface to Cowper's *Homer*, and the influence, and just influence, of his opinions on the poet:—

"When Cowper began the *Odyssey*, Fuseli pleaded, and, as will be shown, justly pleaded, that his numerous avocations would not allow him time to correct the translation; this the poet states, and regrets the circumstance in his preface. He however saw parts of the poem as it was passing through the press, and made some observations thereon: these are given in notes, to which the initial letter F. is affixed.

"It is a singular fact that Fuseli never saw Cowper, nor did he ever write to him or receive a letter from him; all communications being carried on either through General Cowper, the relation of the poet, or Mr. Joseph Johnson."

The following is characteristic:—

"In the autumn of this year (1796), Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli, with Messrs. Opie and Bonnyycastle, passed a few days at Windsor; the object of the two artists was not only to have some relaxation and to see the pictures, but to examine critically the cartoons of Raphael, which were at this time in the Castle. An anecdote or two will show the disposition of the three men. In their journey down by the stage-coach, they were much annoyed by an outside passenger placing his legs

over one of the windows. Opie at first gently remonstrated with him; this, however, not producing the desired effect, he pinched his legs, but yet the nuisance continued; at length the coach stopped at an inn. Opie, being enraged, exerted his Herculean strength, and pulled the person to the ground; but this did not produce any rencontre.—When at Windsor, the two painters endeavoured to palm the Scriptural subjects of West upon Bonnycastle for the cartoons of Raphael; but although he was not a competent judge of works of art, yet he was too well read not to detect their intentions. Bonnycastle, however, wished to show his critical knowledge, and ventured upon the observation usually made on the cartoon of 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' that the boat was not sufficiently large for the men, much less for the lading. Fuseli instantly answered, 'By G—d, Bonnycastle, that is a part of the miracle.' Being at Windsor, they went to Eton College: here the youths assembled about them, asking the usual questions: 'Do you wish to see the Library, Gentlemen?' and such like. Fuseli amused himself by answering them in Latin; but Opie, in his usual gruff manner, said to the most prominent among them, 'What do you want? I cannot make out to what class of beings you belong, being too little for a man, and too large for a monkey.' This was resented as an insult by the mass; and it was only by the great physical powers of Bonnycastle and Opie, that they disengaged themselves and their companion from the crowd of boys who surrounded them. Fuseli was highly provoked, and was apprehensive also of personal violence; and when he got without the barrier, almost breathless with rage, he sat on a large stone by the side of the road and exclaimed, 'I now wish I was the Grand Sultan, for I would order my vizier to cut off the heads of these urchins from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof.' "i. 194—6.

A Poetical Epistle, addressed to Robert Montgomery. 1831. Oxford, Talboys; London, Pickering.

WE resolved to be merciful to Mr. Montgomery: but our authority does not extend to Common Halls or Combination Rooms; and the mad wags at Oxford are sporting their jokes already. There is a dash too much of personality in this little *brochure*; but it is spirited and clever, and very certainly, we suspect, points out the consequences of leaving the "sublime vacancies of idealess grandeur"—"shadows of Satan and visions of Godhead"—and the admiration of maiden aunts, consumptive nieces, drivellers, snivellers, twaddlers, and all the vast variety of imbeciles, to descend to the common earth, and hold converse on ordinary subjects with ordinary people:—

But still some were pleased—nor was wanting a chorus,
Of kindred jackasses responding sonorous.
Each brother erected his ears and his bristles,
Till the land was a-bray like a common of thistles.
Oh! there lay your empire, and then was your pastime,
But now we opine you are braying your last time—
You have thwarted your genius by coming a-gleaming,
In fields where the language of mortals has meaning—
With sorrow we see that your poetry suffers
A dismal extinction from critical snuffers.
We have asked the Reviews to permit you to thrive,
And they promise they will—when they've skinn'd
you alive.

You'll observe, my dear Bob, that the points I now drive at,
Of course I should only allude to in private,
So if aught in this letter unpleasant is hinted—
It is written in love, and in confidence printed;
Then give heed while at once without any more poem,
I declare what is thought about 'Oxford, a Poem.'

The Story of Geneva, from Ariosto. London, 1831. Marsh.

If we once concede to the author the propriety of selecting this "rather particular" incident of Ariosto for translation, we can congratulate him on performing his delicate task with considerable ingenuity and taste. The versification is flowing and easy, and the story clothed in so decent and becoming a dress as may fit it—making allowance for its Italian origin—for the most fastidious company. If the Muse be rather "high-kilted," according to our stricter notions of decorum, we are well pleased to forgive the display on account of the exceeding beauty of the anecdote.

The Achilleid. In twelve Books. Vol. I. By William John Thomas, M.R.C.S. London, Sherwood & Co.

Mr. Thomas calls this a *national poem*. According to this learned Epopeist, there are two national poems—Homer's *Iliad*, and Virgil's *Æneid*. The 'Achilleid' is a third, as Mr. Thomas thinks, which the world has produced; he therefore dedicates it, as the Poem, *par excellence*, to the British nation. Now, in order that our readers may be able to form some notion of what kind of poetry the 'Achilleid' consists, we give a specimen:—

Sound a parley! to his watry train
Thus spoke the *Carter* of the stormy main.
His faithful slaves fulfil their sire's commands,
And thus the *Shaker* of the seas demands:
Pray who are ye? that thus without consent
To cross the billows of the main are bent?
And have at once our royal fears alarm'd
And then with music the disturbance calm'd:
What nymph divine is that whom I behold
In glittering robes and ornamental gold?
How dare ye thus without a spark of light
Presume to wander at this hour of night;
Presume to fly above the deep profound,
Led on by music's melancholy sound?
—The sov'reign thus: to whom Aquario,
'Tis Iris travelling incognito.—p. 39.

The Triumph of Liberty: a Poem, dedicated to his Majesty Louis-Philip I. By J. W. Lake. Paris, Didot.

WE might have deferred our notice of this poem, but that we saw announced on the back of it, 'Vagaries in Verse,' by the same writer. Now, to vagaries, we have no objection, but they must not come with a startling double knock, and a demand for four and sixpence. We must hint to our Paris correspondent, that, with all our zeal for liberty, we cannot pay postage for its triumph. However, our nerves are now quiet, and we may report of Mr. Lake's little poem, that it is not the worst the occasion has given rise to—and that, with all his zeal for King Philip, he has good sense enough to admire our own patriot King, William IV.

The Pious Minstrel. A Collection of Sacred Poetry. London, 1831. Tilt.

PIOUS minstrelsy, or sacred poetry, if we dare venture to say so, is founded on error—in ignorance of what is the living spirit of all poetry. But a volume like this is not an occasion that would justify an essay; it is a work to be judged comparatively, either as better or worse than the average, and commendation must be proportionate. We intended to have gone hastily over it, but the best proof of the good taste and right feeling of the collector is, that we read it through with much pleasure.

The Triglott New Testament, Interlinear. Part I. London: John Taylor.

THIS fasciculus of a Triglott New Testament deserves a word of commendation; the English version is ingeniously adapted to the Greek idiom, and the notes contain much useful information. It is one of the best works that have

been produced on the system to which the publisher has given the name of Locke's, though it was used by the Jesuits before Locke was born.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LITERARY LAYS.

"You'll not see all the blue belles there—some grow
On banks, and in far places out of town."
Fide *ATHENÆUM*, No. 174.

"THE Blue Belles of England" our motto shall be,
In honour of gentle Apollo!
Then sing of their sweetness in kind-hearted
glee—
The queen "belle" to minors that follow!

All nature is teeming with beauty again,
And Flora's fair hand can now gather
Her favourite flower on the mountain and plain—
The wild azure "belle" of the heather!

A lovely spring garland the blue belles will make,
To adorn both the sad and the witty;
The Muses declare, for Apollo's dear sake,
They'll each wear a chaplet so pretty.

They promise "encouragement" unto the bard
Who gave to the blue belles a lay;
For courtesy sake they with pleasure award
To him the green laurel and bay!

They'll list to his sonnets, and love ev'ry line
To "the blue belles of England" he'll bring;
Oh, gentle Apollo! beloved of the Nine!
Re-tune, yes, re-tune thy gay string.

The flowrets already adorn the green field,
The banks and the valleys are dight
With blue belles, that winter had shyly concealed;
Oh! waken thy song of delight!

The Muses in conclave have called upon me
To answer Apollo, and show
Their fondness for "blue belles" of ev'ry degree,
By tying them with a blue beau!
Feb. 23, 1831. SAPHIRA.

MR. ROBINSON'S BAROMETER.

THIS newly-invented instrument was exhibited by Mr. Robinson in the library of the Royal Society at its meeting last week; and, anxious as we are to see any useful invention prosper, we are not without our doubts of the ultimate success of the one in question. Such things are not easily described without the assistance of diagrams; but, the principle being the same in all barometers, we will hazard the attempt.

The inconvenience found by travellers from the length of the barometer, and its consequent liability to accident, seems to have attracted the attention of Mr. Robinson, and he accordingly divides the tube containing the mercurial column into two nearly equal parts. The lower end of the lower half, instead of terminating in a cistern or bag containing the mercury, as in other barometers, is bent upwards, and an aperture is left in its extremity, to allow of the action of the atmosphere.

The union of the two parts of the tube when the instrument is required for use, is effected by means of a steel cylinder of a greater diameter, closed at both ends. The cylinder is also divided into two unequal parts, one of which is firmly fixed to each end of the tube at the place of section, the end passing through the ends of the cylinder. This contact is made very closely, so as to prevent the possibility of the mercury escaping. When required for use, the parts of the cylinder closely unite by being screwed together, and thus the mercurial column becomes complete, with the addition of a small portion of air in the cylinder.

The part of the cylinder fixed to the vacuum (or upper) half of the tube, is made sufficiently large to contain within it the whole of the

mercury; and when the instrument is not in use, a cap is screwed on to this part of the cylinder which secures the mercury, there being none in the other half of the tube. When the instrument is required for use, the lower half is screwed on the upper, while in an inverted position; and when reversed to its proper one, the mercury rushes into it, and the column assumes its height according to the atmospheric pressure. The scale is attached to it in the same manner as to other barometers, and it has likewise an additional one at the lower part of the tube, the rise in the inverted part being of course proportional to the fall in the other. It is suspended in the middle, by a collar in jimbals at the summit of a small tripod stand, and when not in use, the whole is packed in a case. The tube is made of glass, in the same manner as in other barometers.

We will now briefly state our objections to it. It will be immediately seen that the cylinder is subject to corrosion, and, consequently, the loss of the mercury becomes endangered. Numerous accidents, which are well known to travellers, and perhaps to them only, might occasion the loss of the cap, which would be serious indeed; and the junctions of the parts of the cylinder with the tube, from frequent use, are liable to derangement. When, in addition to these objections, we add increased weight, we fear that the decrease in length will be found to be no compensating advantage.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 17.—His Royal Highness the President in the chair.—A paper was read on a method proposed by W. L. Wright, Esq., for supplying the metropolis and suburbs with filtered water from the river Thames. The paper was communicated by G. J. Pettigrew, Esq. It is proposed by Mr. Wright to construct a large filtering chamber of seven feet in depth, and eight feet below the bed of the river. The chamber to be constructed of masonry, and the upper part of it, or ceiling, to be formed of a kind of grating sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of the filtering materials. The depth of eight feet from the ceiling to the level of the bed is then to be filled up with layers of flint-stones, sand, charcoal, and gravel, (the usual ingredients,) through which the water will percolate into the chamber. An iron tunnel is to communicate horizontally with this chamber, and convey the water to a large well purposely made by the river side, from which it will be pumped by a steam-engine. It will only be necessary for the engine to be worked twelve hours out of twenty-four to supply the whole metropolis. It has been observed that the water in the wells by the river's side rises with the tide, which proves a subterranean communication; and as no water will have access to the well proposed but through the chamber, it is reasonably concluded that the filtered water will be as good and pure as that in the wells. The lower part of the chamber will be thirty-seven feet below the surface of the river at high water. Thus, at all times of the tide, a pure and wholesome water will be obtained free from those noxious and deleterious substances with which the river-water is impregnated, and which have been so long a subject of complaint.

A second paper was read, the subject of which was the variable intensity of terrestrial magnetism produced by the aurora borealis, communicated by W. Fox, Esq. For the purpose of making his experiments, Mr. Fox obtained two magnetic needles of larger dimensions than usual—the north pole of one, and the south pole of the other, being very powerfully magnetized. During the continuance of the aurora, the needle which had strong north polarity deviated more

than a degree to the east of its former position. Mr. Fox considers that, in north latitude, therefore, the north end of the needle is acted on in preference to the south; and he is induced to believe that the aurora, passing from north to south, produces positive electricity. In allusion to the dip, he is also inclined to believe that the agents of the electric fluid are also situated beneath the earth's surface as well as above it, and recommends a further attention to this yet infant subject.

It is rather curious that this effect was never observed in any of the polar voyages or travels, although the aurora was very frequently seen in a far greater degree than at Falmouth, where the above observations were made.

Certificates were read in favour of P. Hardwicke, Esq., of Russell Square, and T. M'Cleare, of Biggleswade. The Rev. T. S. Turnbull, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., and H. F. Talbot, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mar. 11.—Mr. Ainger delivered a lecture on the machinery used by Mr. Mordan in the manufacture of black-lead pencils.

Black-lead has generally been described by chemists as a carburet of iron, though it is doubtful whether the metal is essential to its existence; and some have imagined that the iron found in that mineral occurs adventitiously, and that black-lead may probably be only a variety of the forms of carbon. Mr. Faraday attempted to make black-lead, but did not succeed in producing anything but a substance quite devoid of consistence, and therefore useless for the purpose of pencil-making. The best black-lead is found in Cumberland, where it occurs in small masses, which are divided by a saw into the little sticks used in pencils. An inferior sort is found in Spain, and being mixed with a portion of antimony, forms the material of which common pencils are often made; the difference in the price of the material offers a strong inducement to employ the Spanish black-lead, which costs 30s. a cwt., while that from Cumberland is 30s. a pound.

During the late wars, when all intercourse with Great Britain was cut off, an attempt was made on the continent to produce a substitute for the Cumberland lead, and a mixture of fullers'-earth and common black-lead was used with indifferent success.† The business of pencil-making has long been a real or pretended secret, and the best pencils have been made only by a few persons. Whether there really is any process by which the lead may be hardened, or otherwise altered from the state in which it comes from the mines, is a question not easily answered; but none such exists in the method exhibited by Mr. Mordan; and we are much disposed to think that the quality of pencils depends entirely on the choice of the material.

The method of making a pencil in the ordinary way is so obvious, that it needs no description. Mr. Mordan has erected machinery which performs all the operations usually done by hand; and with this advantage, that the pencil is better and more accurately made, though there is not so great a saving of labour as we are accustomed to see in this age of machinery.

The "ever-pointed pencil" is now very generally known, and the little cylinders of lead which are employed for this contrivance, are made by cutting pieces of the proper length with a circular saw, and then passing them successively through three pieces of sapphire, each perforated with a round hole. The lead is thus brought to the perfect cylinder necessary for

† Pencils, and thick crayons of this description, are still made in France and Germany, and sometimes with the addition of sulphur; but the defect of all such compositions is, that they cannot be properly effaced by Indian-rubber.

the purpose. One pound of the best black-lead, which, as we have observed, costs 30s., will furnish only half an ounce of these cylinders. A dozen cylinders weigh but one grain and a half, and are sold for half-a-crown; so that, although there is a loss of thirty-one parts out of every thirty-two of the lead employed, yet the value of the manufactured produce exceeds the expense of the raw material in the proportion of thirteen to one, and the black-lead is thus ultimately sold for twelve times its weight of standard gold.

Mr. Robinson's mountain barometer was exhibited in the library.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

March 17.—Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—The Secretary having read the minutes of the proceedings at the last meeting, read again the resolution of the council proposing to the Society the publication of a work to preserve the remains of Anglo-Saxon and early English literature, preparatory to taking the sense of the Fellows present on the subject. The Treasurer declared the result of the ballot which followed to be in favour of the resolution. Mr. Ellis submitted to the Society, a copy of a baronial seal which is attached to an ancient charter preserved in the British Museum. Mr. Wm. Knight a Fellow of the Society, exhibited a perspective view of the Old and New London Bridges, as they appear at present, and a comparative statement of the solids and vacuities of the two edifices. Mr. Knight promises the Society a drawing from actual admeasurement of the ancient structure, which he will complete before it is removed.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 14.—Lord Goderich, President, in the chair.—Mr. Lloyd's paper on the Isthmus of Panama was concluded.

The following communications were then made from the chair:—That several members of the Society had suggested to the Council that its objects would be essentially advanced by appointing committees to pursue particular branches of research, which suggestions were much approved of; and it had been resolved, in consequence, that those members who might be inclined to afford their assistance in carrying this plan into operation, should be invited to communicate with the Secretary on the subject.

Also, that at the ordinary meetings of the Society, the business of the evening being concluded, any member present who might wish to offer any remarks, or to make any inquiries relating to the subject of the paper previously read, or could communicate any further information on it, invited by the Council to do so.

This measure had already been attended with great benefit at the meetings of the Geological Society. By such communications, a free discussion has been carried on among the members, by which much information has been elicited and disseminated.

The Committees particularly recommended by the Council are as follow, viz.

A Statistical Committee, to make the vast subject of statistics its sole object, and to supply the place of a statistical society in this country, as established in Paris.

A Colonial Committee, having for its object the geography of the British Colonies, as well as those of other countries, or, what may have formerly been so, as may be hereafter determined.

A Committee for the purpose of obtaining the most accurate and complete geographical knowledge of a particular kingdom or country, which may serve as a model for the adoption of others established for a similar purpose with regard to other parts of the world.

Although the labours of such committees might necessarily be incomplete, they would tend to show in their progress the want of information respecting countries with which we are most familiar, and would probably be the means of procuring it, by directing inquiry to the proper quarter. The second of these committees is likely to be of considerable public utility in questions regarding the geography of our colonies. There are points and considerations of a political nature which would be quite foreign to the labours of such a committee to interfere with. But the features of the country, and its quality in a physical point of view, fairly and impartially represented, would not only be of service to the public, but beneficial to government.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

March 11.—F. Baily, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—A letter from Mr. Rumker to Sir James South on the projection of the star *Regulus*, on the moon's disc in an occultation at the time of immersion. This was observed off Cape Frio by Mr. Rumker, from which he deduced its longitude. The phenomenon lasted several minutes, and was observed with a telescope by other persons besides Mr. Rumker.

A very interesting paper was also read on the subject of irradiation communicated by Dr. Robinson, of Arnagh. This is a phenomenon in which the accuracy of the minutest astronomical observations is deeply involved. In determining the sun's declination, the correctness of the obliquity of the ecliptic is implicated. Dr. Robinson considers it to be a variable quantity produced by different states of the atmosphere, in point of transparency, at the time of observation—producing more or less ocular deception. He has always found observations of the sun made in clear weather, to differ materially from those made when it has been slightly veiled by clouds, and that the diameter of the sun is greater in right ascension than that in declination. With the view of obtaining the amount occasioned by the different degrees of brightness in the sun, he had recourse to an ingenious experiment, by which he had the satisfaction of proving the correctness of his opinions. He procured a thin plate of brass, in which he caused a very small circular aperture to be made, and placed it over the object end of a telescope, which was directed to the flame of a lamp. He then placed oiled paper between it and the lamp, so as to intercept the light, and found the appearance of it to resemble very much that of the sun when clouded. The diameter of the aperture was next very carefully measured by means of a microscope; and, on removing the paper, the diameter was found to exceed that which had been measured by several seconds.

This effect, Dr. Robinson considers to be produced by the difference in the intensity of light to which the eye is exposed within the telescope itself, as there could be nothing due to the atmosphere, and therefore that irradiation produces ocular deception.

Several gentlemen were admitted as members, amongst whom were Mr. Sims, Mr. Snow, Mr. Tulloh, Rev. W. Kelly, Mr. Vulliamy; Commanders Downs and Fitzroy, of the Royal Navy, were elected members. Certificates were also read in favour of Rear Admiral Dundas, and Captain Sir Robert Pechell, R.N.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 16.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of this Society: Charles Barclay, Esq., and Henry Bickersteth, Esq.—M. Karl von Hoff was also elected a Foreign Member.

The reading of the paper entitled, Description of a series of longitudinal and transverse sections

through a portion of the Carboniferous Chain between Penigant and Kirkby Stephen, by the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, begun at the last meeting, was concluded.

Among the donations laid upon the table, was a collection of rock specimens from India, presented by the Asiatic Society of Calcutta.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE second monthly meeting of the Linnean Society was held on the 15th inst., Edward Foster, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.—The secretary conducted the reading of a paper on the recent Nautileaceous Mollusca of Great Britain, by J. G. Jefferys, Esq., F.L.S., and the thanks of the Society were returned to the author for his communication. The meeting was but thinly attended, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 15.—The paper read was a communication from the President, containing descriptions with figures of some seedling pears raised by him, and of which the highest opinion is entertained, especially of the merits of one called the Monarch, which, he states, for this climate is unequalled, and that it will keep until the month of February without any of its good qualities being deteriorated.

The exhibition consisted of a black Jamaica pine-apple from Mr. Knight, camellias from the Comte de Vandes; twenty-four sorts of apples, four sorts of pears, crocuses, and seven sorts of camellias from the Society's garden. Some of the varieties of apples and pears very curiously illustrated the different modes resorted to at that establishment for their preservation: the superiority of those which had been packed in a box and buried in the earth over all others, was very decided, and the appearance they presented, was that of having been but recently gathered from the trees; great care must, however, be taken to guard them from wet when in that situation, as was found on the opening of a porous jar, the contents of which were entirely destroyed.

Grafts of the greengage-gooseberry, and of Mr. Knight's sweet red currant, were again distributed to the Fellows.

The Vice President announced that the lectures upon Botany, applied to horticulture, which were in contemplation, would be delivered in the Society's Meeting Room, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday May 4th, May 18th, and June 1st, subject to the following arrangements, viz. That all Fellows of the Society would have a right of personal admission, and that 150 tickets for seats reserved for ladies would be issued for each lecture; for these latter, we understand, it is requisite written application should be made to the council.

John Drummond, Esq., John L. Scudamore, Esq., Mr. Lawrence, Robert Gream Hall, Esq., and Thomas Harding, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 12.—Dr. Stewart in the chair.—A letter of apology was read from one of the Presidents, who was prevented, by indisposition, reading a paper he had promised. Mr. King made some remarks, complaining of the order recently issued from the Board of Admiralty excluding naval surgeons from attending His Majesty's levees; and further expatiated on the personal violence he had, in common with other gentlemen, experienced at a late fracas in the theatre of the College of Surgeons. Some additional facts were subsequently related in connexion with the subject discussed at the previous meeting, corroborating the effect and appearances consequent on poisoning by the salts of copper and arsenic, as well as the influence of paracu-

lar antidotes. Some desultory observations were also made in the course of the evening, on the probable danger of the absorption of arsenic when applied to ulcers as a surgical remedy. It was generally conceived to be a hazardous experiment. A paper on Hydrophobia will be read at the next meeting.

In our report of last Saturday, we stated that Dr. O'Shaughnessy, on referring to the Putney case of poisoning, had examined the body of Mrs. Clarke; we certainly did presume him to have done so, he having particularly referred to and mentioned the *post mortem* appearances. We have had the pleasure to receive a note from that gentleman, explaining, that he spoke of those appearances from the information of a surgeon present at the dissection, and not from personal observation. We are obliged to Dr. O'Shaughnessy for his communication. There are also two *typographical* errors in the same report; for "Ferrigouate" read *Ferrocyanate*, and for "Christeton" read *Christison*.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Medical Society Eight, P.M. Phrenological Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society Nine, P.M. Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M. Society of Arts (Evening Illustrations) Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Society of Arts past 7, P.M. London Institution (Conversazione) Seven, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution past 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight P.M.

FINE ARTS

CITY OF LONDON ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE third meeting of this Society took place on Thursday last. It was better attended than either of the former, and the display of works of art was not less numerous. A portrait, by the president of the Academy, attracted some attention, but was not much to our taste. There was a fine powerful head of Hamilton Rowen, painted some years since by Mr. Rothwell—a clever portrait of Mr. Carpus, by Simpson—a picturesque view, by A. Clint—a beautiful painting by Westall—a spirited sketch of the junction of the Rhone and Saône, by Stanfield—and works by Clater, Cooper, Derby, and others—a bust of Lord Eldon, by Behnes—and a striking likeness of Dr. Stewart, who was present, by Mr. Behnes Burlowe. The original drawing, on stone, by Lane, of the late King, touched and finished by Lawrence himself, was also exhibited, and was greatly admired—and some botanical drawings, by Mrs. Withers, received great praise.

PANORAMA OF HOBART TOWN.

THE Society for the Suppression of Vice will have little success, we fear, while Leicester Fields boasts its Panorama of Sydney, and the Strand triumphs in Hobart Town. What a glorious country to look on! Fine open undulating pasture ground, like the lawns before the mansions of our nobles, bounded by the finest timber trees, and woods of evergreens, with all the beautiful varieties of hill and dale, and rock, and woodland, and mountain, and the broad Derwent, seemingly land-locked and sleeping like an inland lake under the bluest of blue heavens! Why, Mr. Burford, did you introduce into such a paradise, the nasty naked savages, and the fettered gangs of worse than savages? and why do you fix on a Friday for your private view, when we can neither do you nor ourselves justice? If, however, we had more time, we should conclude our notice as we now do, by recommending all who cannot hope that either fortune or petty-larceny will

favour, by transporting them to *Tasmania*—the very name has music in it—to go and be delighted with this Panorama.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to Lalla Rookh. Designed by J. Brown; engraved by H. Pyall. London, Stroud.

THESE are very cheap and unpretending works, yet not without merit. Who Mr. Brown is, we know not, but have a very confident opinion that if he would labour diligently, and study hard, he might do something that would win honour for his name. When eight prints are published for less than eight shillings, they are not to be judged critically; yet, for ourselves, we prefer one or two of these to more ambitious attempts. There are traces of imagination, of grace, and beauty, in some of them, that serve at least to suggest fine things. They are coloured aquatints, and of course only suited to lady's albums, or to illustrate a lady's copy of the poem.

Visits of William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the year 1827; with Views of the Russian Squadron. By Henry Moses. London: H. Moses.

ANYTHING from Mr. Moses is sure to be welcome to us, for there are few artists of equal merit and so little pretension; but this work will be welcome to the public generally. Englishmen must always take great interest in all that relates to our navy; and the universal love and reverence for our crowned reformer and patriot king, will make these views of the scenes of his former exertions to serve his country truly welcome. As works of art they are very clever.

The Afternoon Nap. F. O. Stephanoff; on stone by W. Sharp.

THIS is a sweet picture and very beautifully lithographed. We should half suspect that it was designed to illustrate a song of the late John Keats, but that we believe the song has never been published—at any rate, the first verse well tells the story:—

Hush! hush! tread softly! hush, hush, my dear!
All the house is asleep! but we know very well
That the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
Though you've padded his night-cap—O! sweet
Isabel!—

Though your feet are more light than a fairy's feet,
Who dances on lubbies when brooklets meet.
Hush! hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush, my dear!
For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

MUSIC

ITALIAN OPERA.—KING'S THEATRE.

OF the Opera ('*La Cenerentola*') on Saturday last, we have nothing very particular to remark, with the exception of the sestet 'Quest' è nodo' being, on this occasion, diminished into a quintetto;—for what reason, we will not presume to say, unless it be in the spirit of *inverse* imitation of the Drury-Lane folks, who, on the preceding night, magnified the laughing *trio* 'Vadasi via qua,' into a quartet! One of the ladies was a dumb belle. Mrs. Wood appeared for the last time (as stated) in the part of *Angelina*, and we are not sorry for it; it is a part ill-suited to her powers and peculiarities.

On Tuesday 'Ricciardo e Zoraide' again presented Madame Vesperman to our notice, and we regret to say, our censure also. This lady and Signor David are particularly deficient in organic power, as regards sweetness of tone, and perfectly ludicrous in their attempts at expression. To the gentleman, *singing* must be nearly equal to the tortures of the rack. The Ballet continues to please, and Montessu seems to stand higher in the public estimation every night she is seen.

On Thursday night, Pacini's long-promised opera, '*L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*,' was produced for Signor David's benefit—if benefit we may call a "beggary account of empty boxes," and a pit one quarter filled. We regret the loss he must have sustained, but at the same time we cannot help applauding the discrimination of the public. Had he deserved patronage, he most assuredly would have had it; and moreover, if the fame of being a great singer had not preceded his arrival in this country, and he had appeared in a minor part, such as we hear Deville or De Angeli in, it is our opinion, he would not have been tolerated one moment. The music of the opera is wretched stuff, and is likely to fail here as decidedly as it did in Paris. The only thing worthy of remark, is the last scene, which is splendidly contrived, and reflects equal merit upon the machinist and scene-painter. When we consider the very limited stage of the King's Theatre, and the inconvenience of its construction, we cannot sufficiently applaud the ingenuity of the artists who produced such effect. The Ballet was as usual.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday, another new farce made its appearance here, called 'Highways and Byways.' It is said to be taken from two French farces; and if so, we should say that the two French farces ought to be very much obliged to the author for taking from them what they must be better without than with. We should be glad if truth would permit us to speak well of this farce, because we understand it to be the production of Mr. Webster, the comedian,—a gentleman whom we consider to be an acquisition to any theatre, as one of the few who can act many parts well, and almost any creditably; but, however we may respect persons, we have no respect for their works, unless, as works, they deserve it. There is no occasion to give any detailed account of a piece which is unlikely, even with Mr. Liston's support, to be acted more than a few nights. The plot is meagre, and more than improbable—the dialogue indifferent—and the language in many parts grossly indecent. The two first are mere sins of omission; and if the author have done his best, he is not to be blamed for them; but the last is a sin of commission, and one which we will never pass over without recording our strongest censure of it. A laugh from the thoughtless, when it is accompanied by a blush from the modest, is a sorry compliment to an author's intellect. We need make no nearer allusion to the offensive passages in question—the hisses of the audience distinctly marked them—and as the piece has been repeated, we trust they have been eradicated. There was considerable opposition to its re-announcement, but the ayes prevailed.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday, being St. Patrick's Day, Sheridan's farce, so called, was revived at this house. The first dramatic piece produced by Sheridan was the comedy of '*The Rivals*,' which came out in 1774. '*The Rivals*' met with vehement opposition on the first night, and was all but —. This was chiefly owing to the total failure of Mr. Lee in the part of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Lee was considered a good actor, but he had no idea of an Irish part. In consequence of this, the play was withdrawn for a few days, while Mr. Clinch studied *Sir Lucius*. It was then re-produced, and Clinch succeeded so well, that Sheridan, of whom it could not be said that he had more money than wit, wrote the farce of '*St. Patrick's Day*,' and gave it him for his benefit. Clinch, of course, could not look a gift farce in the mouth;—but there is no reason why we should not. We attended closely

to it, but could discover about it very few marks of the author's brilliancy. Some few touches of the master hand there are certainly, and particularly towards the end; but they are not enough to compensate for much coarseness and more dulness. The acting, on the parts of Messrs. Power, Blanchard and Bartley, and Miss Nelson, appeared to us to be quite as good as the piece deserved. There was very little applause at the end, and some "distinguished" disapprobation; so that, of whatever benefit it may have formerly been to Mr. Clinch, it will most likely be of none to the present management.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

LAST week we were again present at these performances. The pieces were '*Jeune et Vieille*,' '*Le Marchand de la Rue St. Denis*,' and '*Les Frères Féroces*.' M. Laporte was the feature in the first, M. Bouffé in the second and third. In '*Jeune et Vieille*' there is an understood, or rather a requested to be understood, interval of forty years between the acts. Absurd as this is, we were rather glad of it; nearly all these productions get sooner or later translated into English; and this looks something like a climax of the "longo intervallo" tribe, of which our audiences are already quite tired. '*Jeune et Vieille*' may perhaps save us the trouble, but we had at one time serious thoughts of recommending one of our dramatic authors to write a two-act melo-drame, called '*The Youth and Age of Henry Jenkins*;' the hero to be played in the first act by Miss Poole, at the age of 9; and in the second, by Mr. Farren, at the age of 169. The absurdity, in the present instance, is the greater and more needless, because the first act is bad and the second good; and because, as it appeared to us, about ten lines of explanation at the commencement of the second, would altogether supersede the necessity as well for the first as for the interval. When we cannot speak in laudatory terms of a lady, the best thing we can do is to say as little as possible; we shall therefore pass over Madlle. Jamain's comedy in something very like solemn silence. Much as we are always pleased with M. Laporte, we know not that we ever saw him to greater advantage than in *Monsieur Bremont*. There was a happy mixture of deep feeling and refined humour in his long scene with Madlle. Jamain in the second act, where he recognizes her, after a separation of forty years, as "ses premiers amours," which, we think, could not be surpassed. The lady's deficiencies were here lamentably apparent; while M. Laporte's acting presented, in consequence, the curious anomaly of being beautifully even, and yet all on one side.

We know no actor who tries more heartily, or succeeds better in identifying himself with his character than Mons. Bouffé. This important qualification, combined with his exuberant spirits and great versatility, causes him to appear to immense advantage in '*Le Marchand de la Rue St. Denis*;' still, the piece itself is no great favourite with us. In the extravaganza called '*Les Frères Féroces*,' we can pay Mons. Bouffé no higher compliment than to say, that we have twice seen Potier in the character of *Bonardin*, and that we had no cause to regret his playing it the third time. Mons. Bouffé is about to return to France: he will carry with him the admiration of all here who have had the good fortune to see his admirable performances; and, we doubt not, their sincere wishes that he may visit London again next season.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

Madame Vestris, whose theatre will close for the season on this day week, will act nowhere in London between that time and the re-opening of the Olympic on the 1st of October next, except one night for the benefit of Mrs. Glover.

We are authorized and requested to state this, in contradiction of an idle report which has been put into circulation, of an intention on her part to play at some theatre in the city. Part of the ensuing recess will be devoted by this enterprising, clever, and successful lady-lessee, to short engagements at a few of the principal provincial towns, where the pieces in which she has caused so strong a sensation at the Olympic will be re-produced; and the remainder to preparations for commencing the next season, at Pandora's own box, with even increased vigour and additional attractions. It is wholly untrue that Madame Vestris has any intention of accepting the offers which have been made her for America.

A prospectus of a new theatre, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the management of Messrs. Abbott, Egerton, and Warde, and the name of the 'Royal Sussex Theatre,' has just been put forth. The theatre is to be raised upon the Earl of Grosvenor's estate, and the money is to be raised upon shares. The spot selected is somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Belgrave Square. We have not time or space to do more than wish well to this, as we do to every theatrical concern.

Another theatre is about to be opened near Finsbury Square, under the management of Mr. Chapman, late of the late West London. This is in a state of forwardness, and will, we hear, be acted in for the first time on Easter Monday. If theatres are to keep continually starting up in all directions, critics must either be allowed steam-carriages or establish a foreign correspondence.

The English Opera company have received notice that their services will not be required this summer. We cannot but regret this: Mr. Arnold has been uniformly distinguished for his liberality and judgment, by which he has been enabled for a series of years to combine pleasure to the public with fair profit to himself. We long to see one possessed of this valuable secret again at the head of a theatre of his own.

Miss Fanny Kemble will play *Lady Constance* on Monday for her own benefit. We beg to remind this young lady's numerous admirers, that their attendance at the theatre upon that occasion will be to her the best, as well as most pleasing proof of their sincerity. This gratifying and just tribute to talent is too little thought of by the English public, or rather, we should say, by the London public, for in almost all provincial towns a better taste is evinced.

MISCELLANEA

Death of Mr. Payne.—We regret to announce the death, on the 15th inst., of that eminent bookseller, Mr. Thomas Payne, of Pall Mall. Mr. Payne succeeded his father in the year 1790, and carried on his business at the long-established shop at the Mews Gate. Here the most distinguished literary characters of the age daily assembled, it might almost be said, under the presidency of Mr. Cracherode. Every subject of literature, ancient and modern, was discussed in the animated and brilliant conversations of Cracherode, the late Duke of Leeds (the Chesterfield of his age), the late Lord Mansfield, Earl Spencer, Porson, Burney, the two Warton, Malone, Gough, Raine, the Bishops Percy, Barrington, and Dampier, and other illustrious scholars. On topics of literary history and bibliography, Mr. Payne was frequently referred to, and secured the esteem of the inquirers by the modesty of his manner, and the solid information displayed in his answers. The year 1792 might be said to form an era in the life of Mr. Payne. He then purchased the celebrated library collected by the family of Lamoignon, one of the finest ever imported into this country. This

purchase gave a new impulse to his business, which very sensibly enlarged from that period. In the year 1806 Mr. Payne removed into Pall Mall, and occupied the house formerly in the possession of Mr. Bryan. He now obtained premises capable of displaying his extensive and valuable stock to greater advantage, and his connexions extended accordingly. No man ever established a higher reputation, as a bookseller, than the late Mr. Payne, nor died more regretted by an extensive circle of distinguished patrons—and, it would be superfluous to add, more lamented by his private friends. The remarks of Dr. Johnson on Jacob Tonson, the most eminent bookseller of his day, might be truly applied to Mr. Payne: "He was a man to be praised as often as he was named." We understand the business will be carried on by Mr. John Payne and Mr. Foss, who unite the disposition and ability to tread in the footsteps of their eminent predecessor.

Longhi, the Engraver.—In our letters from Italy, we have received accounts of the death of this celebrated engraver, who was, after Raphael Morghen, the most able professor of his art in that country—and, we may perhaps with truth say, in Europe. Few artists have arrived at his eminence, by the production of so few works. His reputation will rest on about six—but those six are gems of matchless beauty. No print has been more universally admired than his 'Reading Magdalen,' after Correggio; the head and breast are perfect in every respect. His great work of the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' after Raphael, at Milan, is not inferior to any engraving extant. The 'Madonna del Lago' of Leonardo da Vinci, is also of exquisite beauty. His latter plate of the 'Holy Family' of Raphael, is not, in our opinion, equal to his former works. The 'Galatea' of Albano, though we always thought wanting effect, is a lovely print; nor should we forget his very delightful 'Head of Michael Angelo.' For some time preceding his death, he has been engaged in his stupendous undertaking of the 'Last Judgment,' of Michael Angelo—a work, for which the life of man is hardly sufficient; yet in it he had made great progress. We are happy to hear its completion has been confided to so able a successor as Pietro Anderloni.

Sir Walter Scott.—Very unpleasant intelligence respecting the state of the health of this distinguished man, has reached us. We trust sincerely that it may turn out incorrect; but it has been communicated to us from a source that creates great apprehension in our minds. We know that the projected visit to London of this eminent man has been abandoned, and we fear the state of his health has been the chief reason for this step.

Bust of Lady Morgan, by David.—"We have been favoured (says the *Dublin Morning Register*) with a view of the bust of Lady Morgan, recently executed in marble by David, at Paris, and by him presented to that lady. It is a most beautiful and finished piece of sculpture, replete with movement and life. The mouth (that especial seat of expression) is the perfection of art. It is marked by individuality, grace, and a play of muscles, which conveys to the imagination a feeling that it is about to speak. There is no grimace, no violence, no straining for effect. The whole head, which is, or appears to be, a little larger than life, is strictly 'spiritual,' and evinces as much the genius of the sculptor, as that of the subject he has chosen. The eyes are uplifted, and the forehead meditative; and there is a noble simplicity, an elevation in the entire countenance, which appropriately belongs to works designed, as those of the sculptor are, for permanent duration. The likeness, however, is not the less accurately preserved; and of the many representations we have seen of

Lady Morgan, this is by far the most striking and satisfactory. The execution is bold and deeply chiselled; and the details of hair, ornaments, &c., more highly finished than we have been accustomed to see them. As a work of art, we consider this bust of the very first class. This munificent tribute of foreign genius to Irish talent, was accompanied by a small bust of General Lafayette, by the same artist."

To nascent and non-nate Antiquarians.—The following statement may be matter of curiosity to antiquarians yet unborn—the Hearn and Groves of some future age. The particulars are taken from a long tax-office return made to the House of Commons in the present year, recording the annual value, or rental, at which the crown surveyors estimate the mansions of divers lords and landlords in rating them to the king's taxes.

Bath Hotel . . .	£1050	Woburn Abbey . .	£000
Blough, Cheltenham	850	Eaton Hall . . .	300
White Hart, Bath .	500	Wentworth House .	300
Shuckey, Old Ship,		Castle Howard . .	300
Brighton . . .	750	Blenheim . . .	300
Bishop and Cooper's,		Trentham (Marquis of	
Bath . . .	850	Stafford) . . .	300
Lee's, Cheltenham .	650	Wilton . . .	300
Lacy's Hotel, Manchester .	600	Knowsley (Earl Derby)	300
Haine's, Cheltenham	550	Nettleton (Countess	
Richardson's, Manchester . . .	500	Bridgewater) . .	300
Parson's, Brighton .	500	Hatfield (Salisbury's)	250
In London, the Bank of England is valued at the			
yearly rental of . . .	£2505		
East India House . . .	2500		
Mansion House . . .	1500		
British Museum . . .	950		
Marquis of Stafford . . .	3000		
United Service Club . . .	1500		
Athenæum . . .	1400		
Crockford's . . .	1200		
London Tavern . . .	1000		
Duke of Wellington . . .	1000		

University of London.—The valuable collection of coins, belonging to the late Earl of Guildford, are destined for this University. The public spirit of several proprietors has promoted a subscription for placing them in this establishment, without trenching on the funds of the University.

A collection of splendid and curious arms, and a suit of chain armour, from one of the small and semi-barbarous but independent states on the northern boundary of the British dominions in India, was exhibited at Mr. Pettigrew's *Conversazione* of Wednesday last.

Benvenuto Cellini.—We have been favoured by Messrs. Molteni and Graves, of Pall Mall, with the sight of a production by this most extraordinary man, which, for beauty and wonderful skill in the execution, surpasses anything of the kind we have seen since we looked on some like treasures in Italy. It is a chain for the neck, formed by a series of eleven subjects of the Passion of our Lord, with a large one, as a pendant, of the crucifixion, surrounded by representations of the various implements of his flagellation and death. Every subject is ornamented with elegant borders of flowers, &c., and studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. On the reverse of the pendant crucifixion, are the initials I.H.S., with the *Agnus Dei*, surrounded by a border of the golden fleece. It is generally supposed to have been formed for Catherine de Medicis—but it is more probable, from one side of the pendant having the Imperial, and the other the Spanish Crown, that it was executed for the Emperor Charles V. It is of the pure Venetian ducat gold, enamelled in various colours. The vigour and beauty of the drawing of the figures, the bold relief of the subjects, and the exquisite taste of the ornamental appendages, are in every respect perfect. If it were the only work left by the hand of this wonderful artist, it would be sufficient to justify the encomiums which have been universally bestowed upon his works.

From an advertisement in our paper of this day, it will be seen that a new Magazine is about to appear, to be called the "THE METROPOLITAN," under the editorship of Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell's name will have, and is entitled to have, great weight; and we rejoice that the New Magazine will, in every department, be really under his control.

Lead Mines in America.—The following table will show the extraordinary increase in the produce of these mines since 1823:—

	Fever River.	Missouri.	Total lbs.
1823	335,130	335,130
1824	175,220	175,220
1825	664,530	386,590	1,051,120
1826	958,842	1,374,962	2,333,804
1827	5,182,180	910,380	6,092,560
1828	11,105,810	1,205,920	12,311,730
1829	13,343,150	1,198,160	14,541,310
	31,764,862	5,076,012	36,840,874

An aged Tree.—A yew tree, at Peronne, in Picardy, which flourished in the year 634, was in existence in 1790—it is known, therefore, to have existed for 1156 years.

Indian Ink.—This is a very curious substance, and totally unlike any of the cakes made up in Europe for water-colour painting. Many persons have given recipes for making Indian ink by mixing lamp-black with gum-water, or glue, but such compounds bear no resemblance to that made in China. If a piece of good Indian ink be steeped in hot or cold water for weeks, or even months, it will not dissolve—but the mass will still retain the consistency of a hard gristly substance; and this insolubility of the glutinous matter gives the ink the property of adhering to the paper more firmly than any other pigment. There is reason to believe that the colouring matter is lamp-black, but we have no gum or glue in Europe that will not readily dissolve in water, except, indeed, the resinous gums, which are obviously unfit for the purpose.

Slavery.—It may not be generally known, that if a slave escape from slavery, and get on board a British ship of war, he is immediately free, by the laws of this country.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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The author of "Rank and Talent" has a novel in the press, entitled "Atherton." The scene is cast in the days of Wilkes and Junius and Dr. Johnson.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 10	54	31	29.65	S.W.	Clear.
Fr. 11	53	34	29.50	S. to W.	Hain.
Sat. 12	50	40	29.55	S.W.	Rain P.M.
Sun. 13	50	37	29.30	Ditto.	Ditto.
Mon. 14	48	37	Stat.	W.	Ditto.
Tues. 15	46	40	29.10	S.W.	Rain.
Wed. 16	58	48	29.35	Ditto.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus, Cumulus.

Nights and mornings, for the greater part, rainy. Mean temperature of the week, 43.15°.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Friday at 2½ h. A.M. Moon and Venus on Tuesday, at 6 h. P.M. Moon in perigee on Wednesday, at 8 h. P.M. Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 15° 37' in Aries. Sun's — — — 25° 11' in Pisces. Length of day on Wed. 11h. 48m.; increased, 4h. 4m. Sun's horary motion 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance on Sunday, 9.99793.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

There is so much of genuine feeling in the lines by C. B., that we ought, perhaps, to overlook some trifling inaccuracies. He has our thanks.

Thanks to J. N. S., but it is not of sufficient importance to refer to.—Thanks to G. B. M. at Stockton: we are greatly obliged; but we referred to the fact generally. His own view of the causes are well supported, but the question would not interest the public. At the same time we again acknowledge ourselves obliged.

We are not the less obliged to our Oxford friend because we had received a copy two days before.

We are compelled to defer the notice of several new works; but no power of compression can stow a dozen important volumes into half a dozen columns, with any thing like justice.—Col. Napier can wait, as we mean to be critical, and he is not entertaining.—The Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi, we defer with regret: it is a delightful volume.

We regret that Mr. Buckingham's pamphlet arrived too late to be noticed this week.

Notwithstanding a very large increase of the first edition of last week's Number was printed, a second edition has been called for, and now continues on sale; it contains the Plan of the NEW STREETS at Charing Cross, a View of WEST STRAND, and the Interior of LOWTHER ARCADE.

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To the Editor.

MR. EDITOR.—It is now upwards of thirty years since the late Mr. Joseph Bramah published a tract on the nature and great superiority of his Patent Locks. Messrs. S. MORDAN & Co., of 22, Castle Street, Finsbury, have also lately strengthened their security, by increasing the ordinary number of their sliders, or safety-guards, from four to seven, and yet without adding to their cost! Since the expiration of the patent, country manufacturers have likewise made these Locks, but without attending to the security. To prevent this evil, let purchasers therefore look to the London manufacturers' (S. M. & Co., Makers) names, who, by means of ingeniously contrived engines, have so managed that the depths of the slots or gaps around the pipe of each key shall be continually varied; and thus no key but the proper one can possibly open one of the London Improved Locks. It would seem that the Bramahian Locks, thus brought to this state of perfection, and afforded to the public at very moderate prices, ought to obtain a decided preference to all other locks; but their not yielding so great a profit as others, few ironmongers, either in town or country, keep a proper assortment of them for sale. We sincerely hope that this blameable indifference to the security of property, and the consequent temptation to crime produced thereby, will shortly cease.

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